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featuring



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WESTERN

THE *Greatest*
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ADVENTURES
OF THEM ALL...

Featuring
2

pistol-packed
ARIZONA RAINES
stories

plus

The WHIP

BOB ALLEN

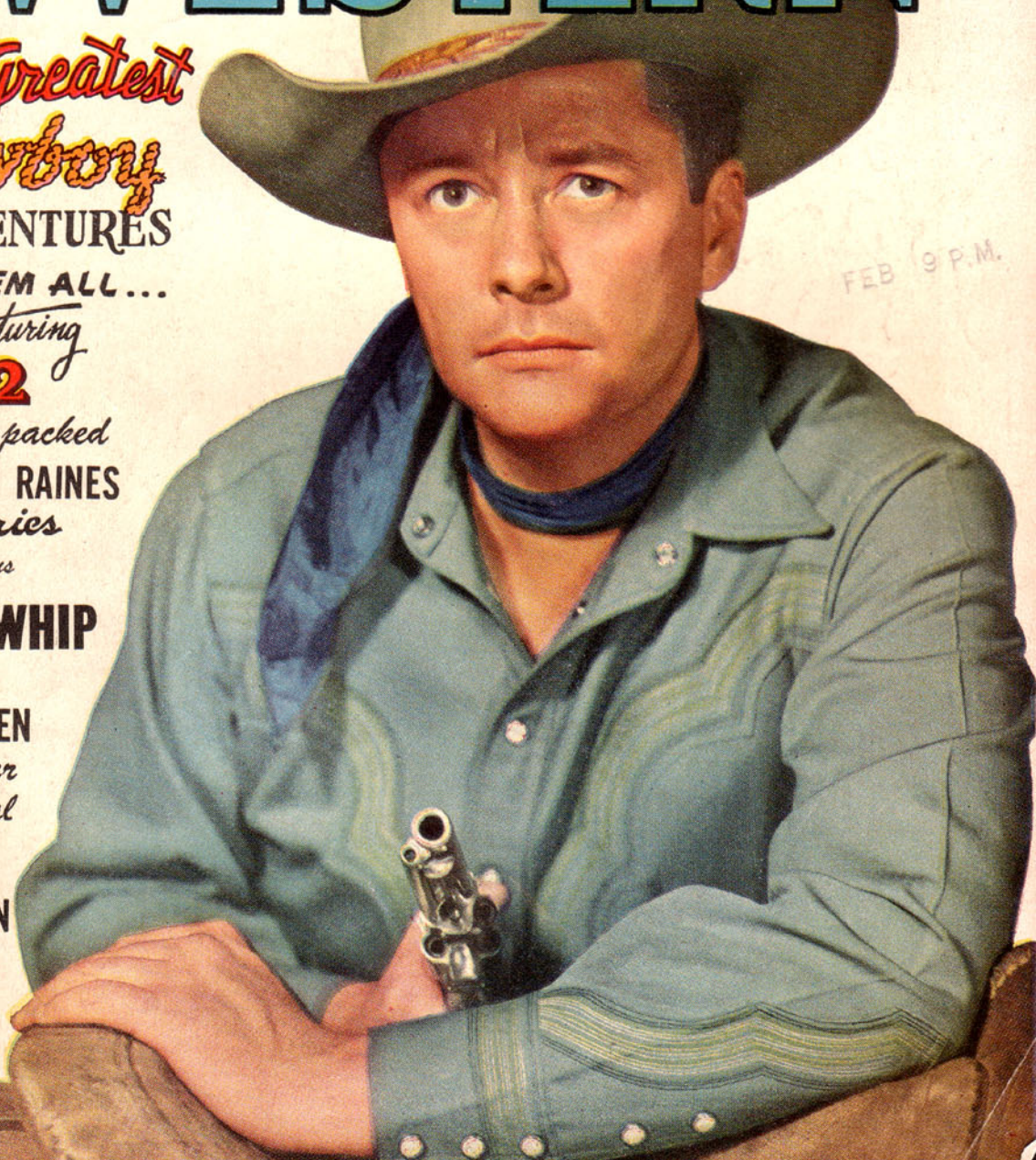
Frontier
Marshal

and

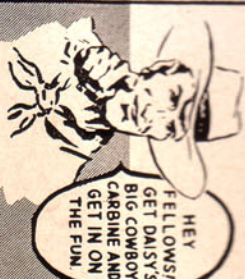
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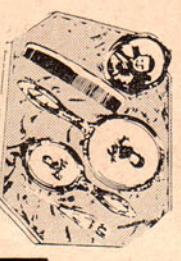


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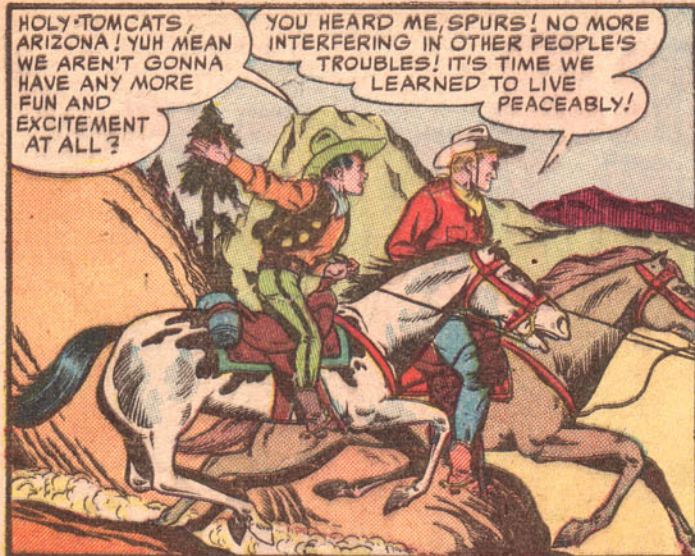
City _____

Arizona RAINES



ARIZONA RAINES AND HIS FIRE-EATING YOUNG COMPANION, SPURS, HAVE ALWAYS DONE THEIR LEAD-SLINGING ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER! IT TOOK SOME MIGHTY STRONG PERSUADING TO MAKE THEM TURN THEIR GUNS ON A SHERIFF'S POSSE AND THROW IN WITH THE

"THE OUTLAWS OF SATAN'S ROOST!"



HOLY TOMCATS, ARIZONA! YUH MEAN WE AREN'T GONNA HAVE ANY MORE FUN AND EXCITEMENT AT ALL?

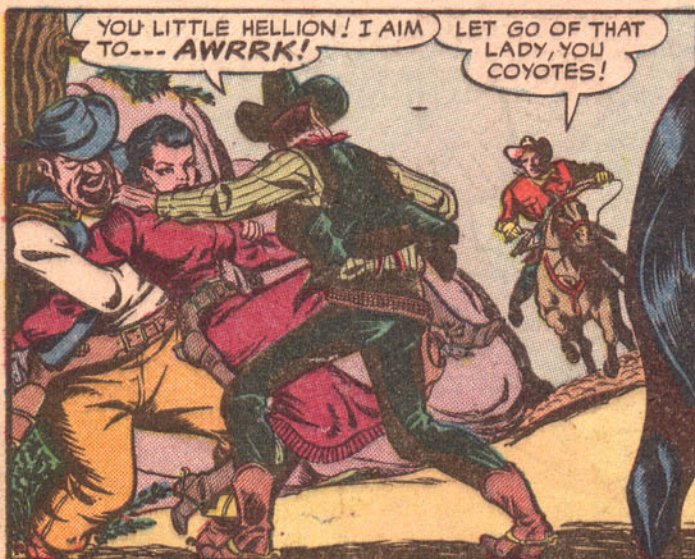
YOU HEARD ME, SPURS! NO MORE INTERFERING IN OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES! IT'S TIME WE LEARNED TO LIVE PEACEABLY!



OLD THAT MOMENT...

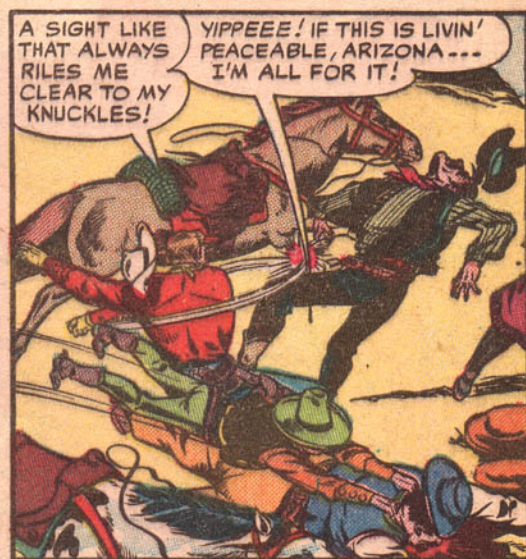
WE'LL SETTLE DOWN AND... WHA...?

LET ME GO, YOU YELLOW BUZZARDS! IF MY DAD WERE ONLY HERE...!



YOU LITTLE HELLION! I AIM TO--- AWRK!

LET GO OF THAT LADY, YOU COYOTES!



A SIGHT LIKE THAT ALWAYS RILES ME CLEAR TO MY KNUCKLES!

YIPPEEE! IF THIS IS LIVIN' PEACEABLE, ARIZONA... I'M ALL FOR IT!



MUCH OBLIGED, STRANGERS! YOU BETTER HIGH-TAIL IT, TOO!

HEY! WHAT TH...?



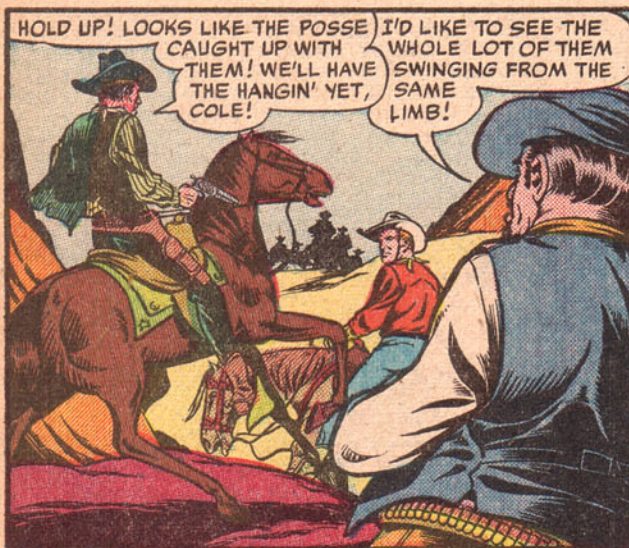
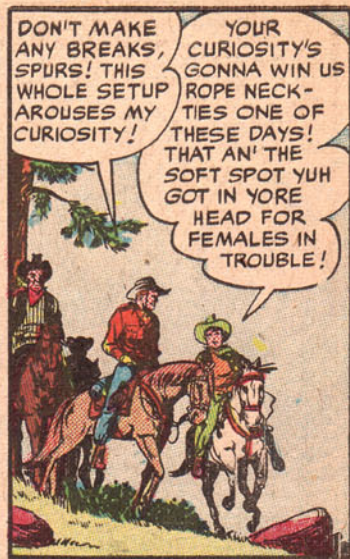
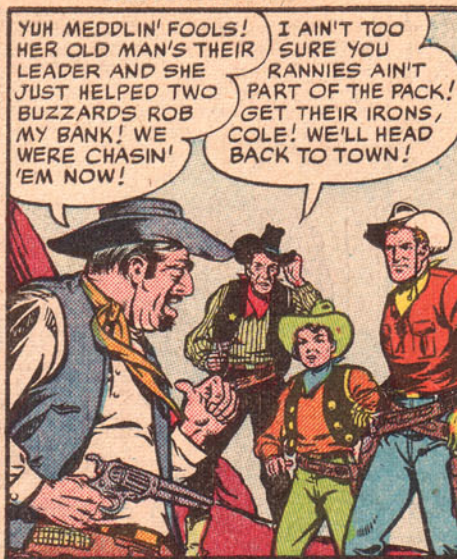
THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YUH!

SHE'S PROBABLY UPSET OVER HER FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE!



GRAWWK! SHE AIN'T HALF AS UPSET AS I AM! THAT BUZZARD'S PINNED TO A BADGE!

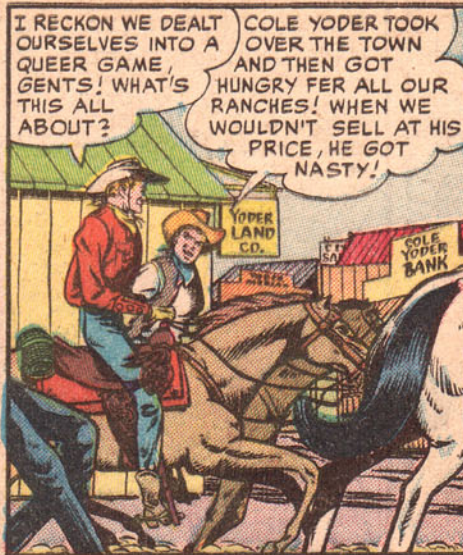
EULPE SHERIFF OF PUMA COUNTY! UH- OH!





THEN WHY DID THEY SLUG SHERIFF MANX AND ME AND LET THAT WILDCAT, JUNE LAIRD, GET AWAY?

MAN, I'M SHORE SORRY MY HANDS ARE TIED! I'D PLUMB ENJOY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE GENTS WHO DONE THAT! THANKS, BOYS!



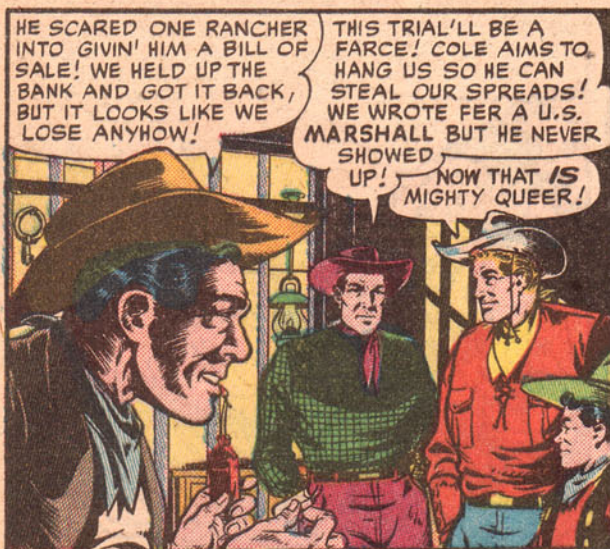
I RECKON WE DEALT OURSELVES INTO A QUEER GAME, GENTS! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

COLE YODER TOOK OVER THE TOWN AND THEN GOT HUNGRY FER ALL OUR RANCHES! WHEN WE WOULDN'T SELL AT HIS PRICE, HE GOT NASTY!



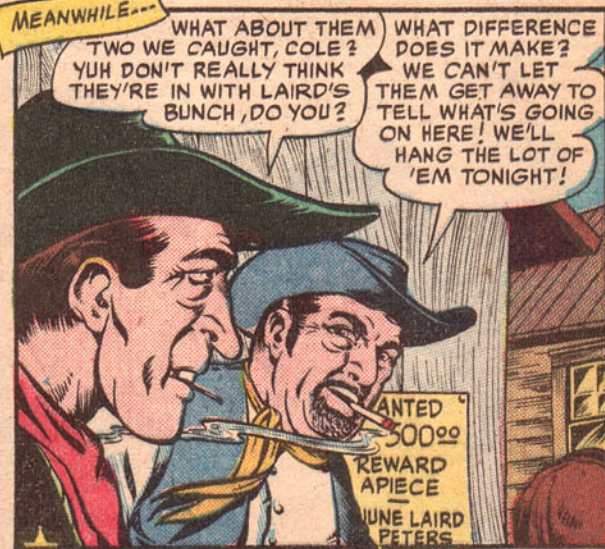
HE GOT MANX INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND FRAMED US INTO LOOKIN' LIKE OUT-LAWS!

THAT'S ENOUGH TALK! YOU CAN DO YOUR VISITIN' IN JAIL WHILE WE GET READY FOR THE TRIAL!



HE SCARED ONE RANCHER INTO GIVIN' HIM A BILL OF SALE! WE HELD UP THE BANK AND GOT IT BACK, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE WE LOSE ANYHOW!

THIS TRIAL'LL BE A FARCE! COLE AIMS TO HANG US SO HE CAN STEAL OUR SPREADS! WE WROTE FER A U.S. MARSHALL BUT HE NEVER SHOWED UP! NOW THAT IS MIGHTY QUEER!



MEANWHILE---

WHAT ABOUT THEM TWO WE CAUGHT, COLE? YUH DON'T REALLY THINK THEY'RE IN WITH LAIRD'S BUNCH, DO YOU?

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY TO TELL WHAT'S GOING ON HERE! WE'LL HANG THE LOT OF 'EM TONIGHT!



DRINK UP, BOYS! IT'S ON THE HOUSE! YOU'RE ALL APPOINTED AS JURY TO TRY SOME OUTLAWS WE JUST CAUGHT!

COUNT ME OUT, COLE! WE AIN'T HELPING HANG INNOCENT MEN SO YOU CAN STEAL THEIR RANGE!



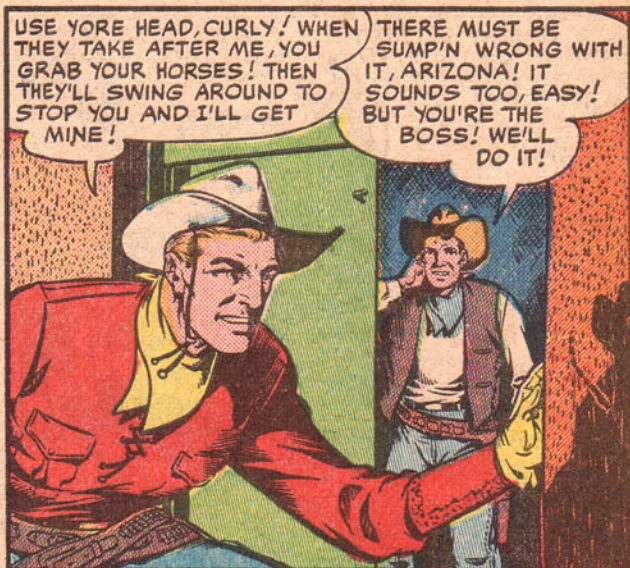
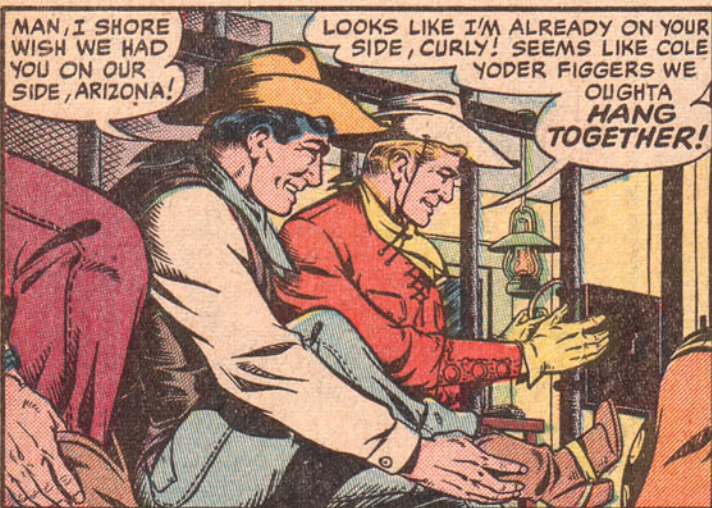
WHY, YOU---

ARGHHH!



YUH HEARD HIM CALL ME A THIEF! THAT MAKES IT SELF-DEFENSE! ANYBODY ELSE OBJECT TO A QUICK TRIAL AND A HIGH HANGIN'?

HUH-UH! NOT ME COLE! WE'RE WITH YUH!



CRACK WESTERN



FINE! YOU GENTS KEEP AN EYE ON SPURS! HE GETS KINDA HOT-HEADED WHEN FIGHTING STARTS!



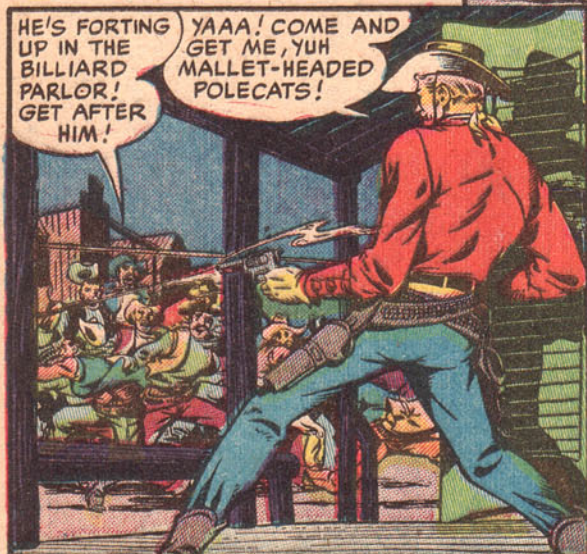
THERE'S NO NEED TO DRAG THIS TRIAL OUT! AFTER ALL, WE CAUGHT 'EM COLD!

SURE! GET THE HANGIN' OVER WITH, I SAY! SO WE CAN ALL GO HOME TO SUPPER!

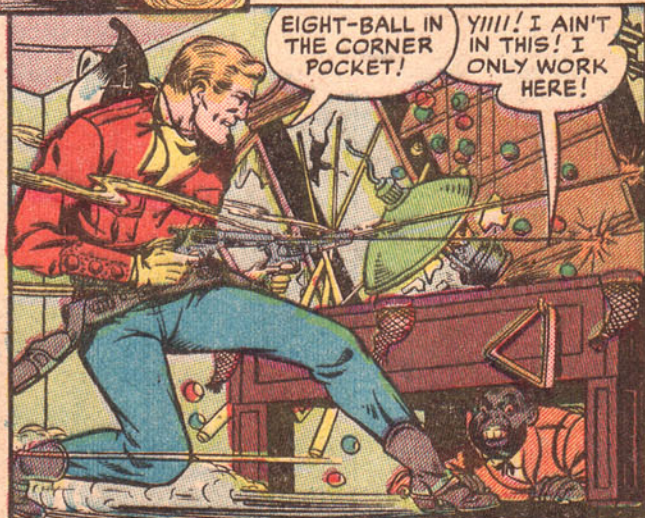


THAT'LL TEACH LAIRD AND HIS... EEEOW!

IT'S THET STRANGER! HE'S BROKE OUTA JAIL! GET HIM!

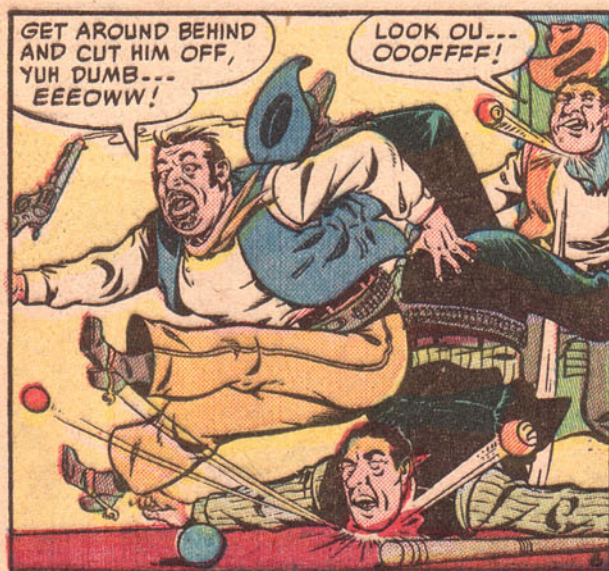


YAAA! COME AND GET ME, YUH MALLET-HEADED POLECATS!

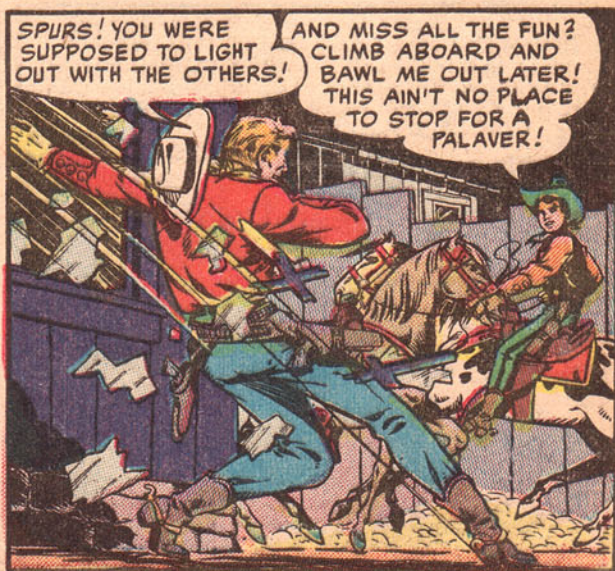


EIGHT-BALL IN THE CORNER POCKET!

YIII! I AIN'T IN THIS! I ONLY WORK HERE!



LOOK OU... OOOFFFF!



SPURS! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO LIGHT OUT WITH THE OTHERS!

AND MISS ALL THE FUN? CLIMB ABOARD AND BAWL ME OUT LATER! THIS AIN'T NO PLACE TO STOP FOR A PALAVER!

AN HOUR LATER...

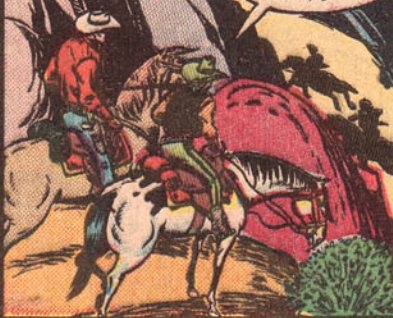
THERE'S THE MOUNTAIN WE'RE TO HEAD FOR, ARIZONA!

CUT THE OTHER WAY AND CIRCLE BACK! WE DON'T WANT TO LEAD THESE POLECATS RIGHT TO THE HIDEOUT, SPURS!



THERE THEY GO! IF THEY'RE AS BY THE TIME THEY DISCOVER WE AREN'T ON THE TRAIL, WE'LL BE UP ON THE ROCKY LEDGES, WHERE NO TRACKS SHOW!

IF THEY'RE AS CONFUSED AS I AM, ARIZONA, THEY WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO FIND THEIR OWN WAY!



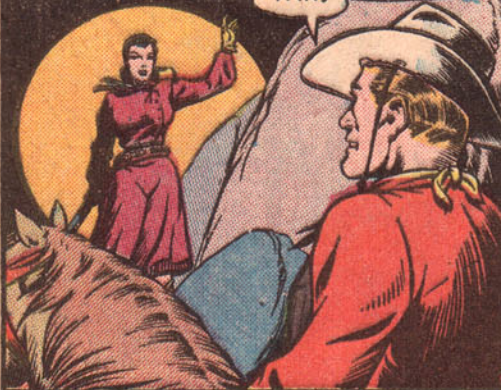
WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO? ARE YUH GONNA KILL OFF COLE YODER AND ALL HIS GUNNIES SO THE RANCHERS KIN GO HOME AGAIN?

FRANKLY, SPURS, I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO DO! IT'S KIND-OF-A STALEMATE RIGHT NOW! I WANT TO HEAR MORE ABOUT IT FIRST!

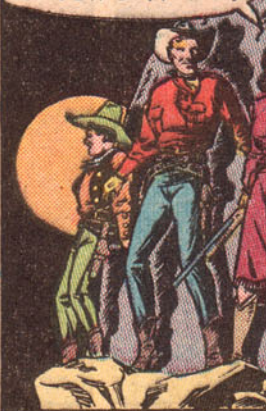


THANK HEAVENS, YOU MADE IT! JED AND CURLY ARE UP ABOVE! WE'VE BEEN WATCHING FOR YOU!

THE POSSE BY-PASSED US AND HEADED SOUTH, MA'AM! SO I RECKON YOUR HIDE-OUT IS SAFE ENOUGH SO FAR!



THEY'D NEVER FIND SATAN'S ROOST IN A HUNDRED YEARS! WE COULD HOLD OFF AN ARMY HERE IF WE HAD ENOUGH SUPPLIES!

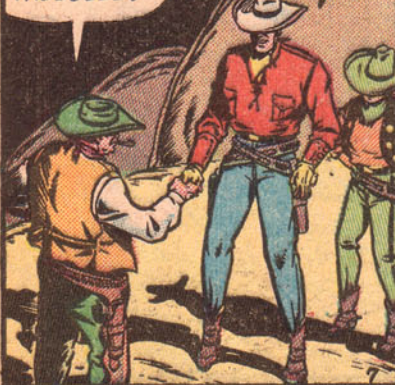


I SEE YUH FOUND 'EM, JUNE! WELCOME TO A LIFE O'OUTLAWRY, GENTS! I'M DAN LAIRD, JUNE'S DADDY!



I HEARD HOW YOU SIDED WITH US, ARIZONA, AND I'M GRATEFUL! BUT I HATE DRAGGING OUTSIDERS INTO OUR TROUBLES!

YOU DIDN'T! YODER AND THE SHERIFF DID THE DRAGGING, IF ANY!



WE HAD THE PURTIEST SPREADS YUH COULD WANT DOWN THERE, SON... UNTIL COLE YODER SAID "SELL FER PRACTICALLY NOTHING OR GET GUNNED OUT!"

SO WE SHOT UP HIS BADGE-TOTIN' POLECATS AND LIT OUT... AND THAT MADE US OUTLAWS! WE'RE WORTH \$500 APIECE, DEAD OR ALIVE!



SO NOW HE CAN'T REACH YOU... BUT YOU CAN'T REACH YOUR RANCHES! DO YOU AIM TO SIT HERE UNTIL YODER DIES OF OLD AGE MEBBE?

SON, THET NEEDLE PRICKS ME IN A MIGHTY TENDER SPOT! WE JEST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT! WE'RE PLAIN STUMPED!





YUH SEE, ARIZONA, WE'RE NOT GUN-SLINGERS! WE'RE PLUMB PEACEABLE BY NATURE---

THEN YUH GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT! ARIZONA'S PEACEABLE,

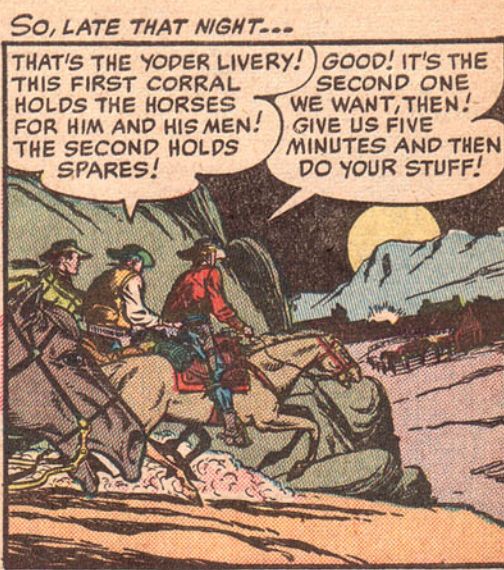
TOO... BUT YUH OUGHTA SEE THE CORPSES HE'S STREWED AROUND!

SPURS!



I'VE GOT ME A SORT OF WILD IDEA, FOLKS, THAT MIGHT JUST HIT COLE YODER HARD ENOUGH TO JAR HIM! BUT IT'S DANGEROUS!

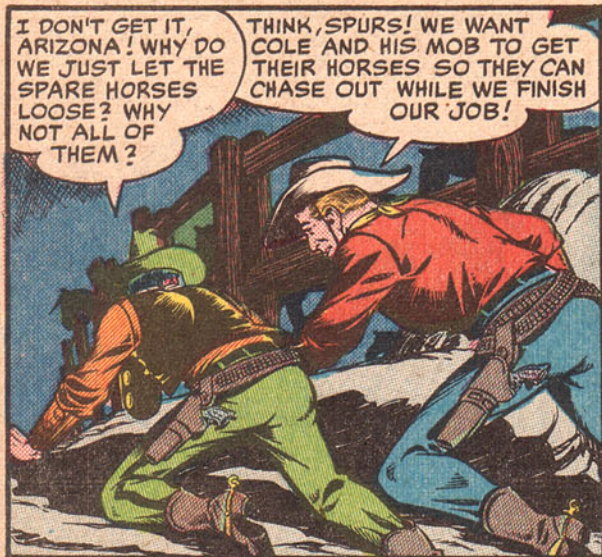
DO YUH THINK LIVING LIKE OUT-LAWS IS **SAFE**, ARIZONA? SPIT IT OUT AND I GUARANTEE WE'RE WITH YUH ALL THE WAY!



SO, LATE THAT NIGHT---

THAT'S THE YODER LIVERY! THIS FIRST CORRAL HOLDS THE HORSES FOR HIM AND HIS MEN! THE SECOND HOLDS SPARES!

GOOD! IT'S THE SECOND ONE WE WANT, THEN! GIVE US FIVE MINUTES AND THEN DO YOUR STUFF!



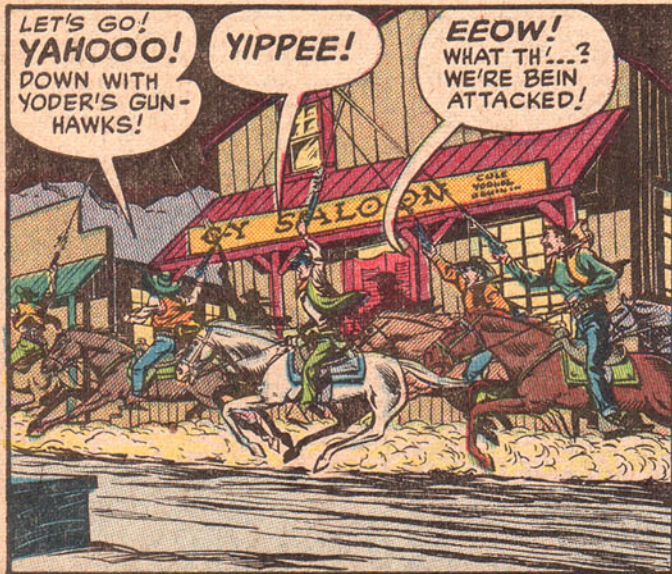
I DON'T GET IT, ARIZONA! WHY DO WE JUST LET THE SPARE HORSES LOOSE? WHY NOT ALL OF THEM?

THINK, SPURS! WE WANT COLE AND HIS MOB TO GET THEIR HORSES SO THEY CAN CHASE OUT WHILE WE FINISH OUR JOB!

AT THE SAME MOMENT---

READY, NOW! IN ONE MINUTE WE DO WHAT ARIZONA TOLD US!

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL, DAD? HE'S THE FIRST MAN CLEAR-HEADED ENOUGH TO GRASP THE PROBLEM AND GIVE US AN ANSWER!



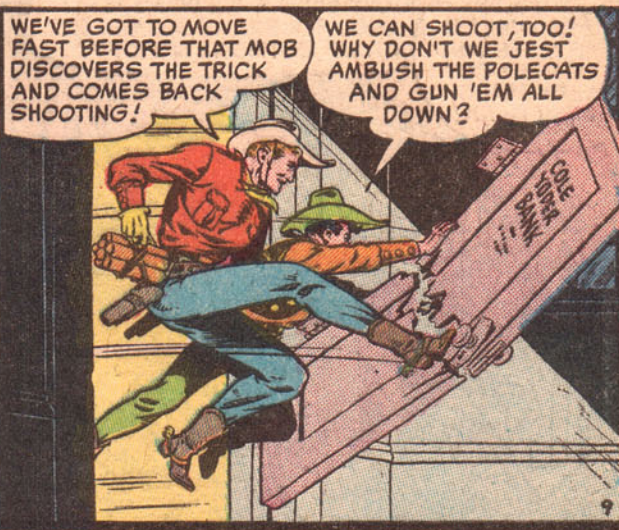
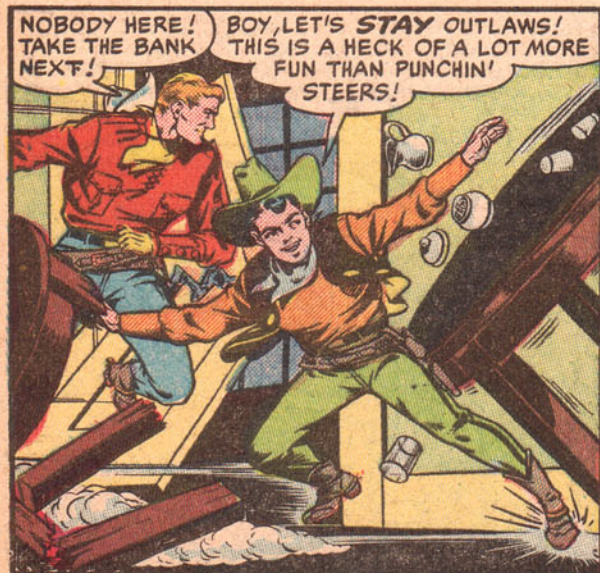
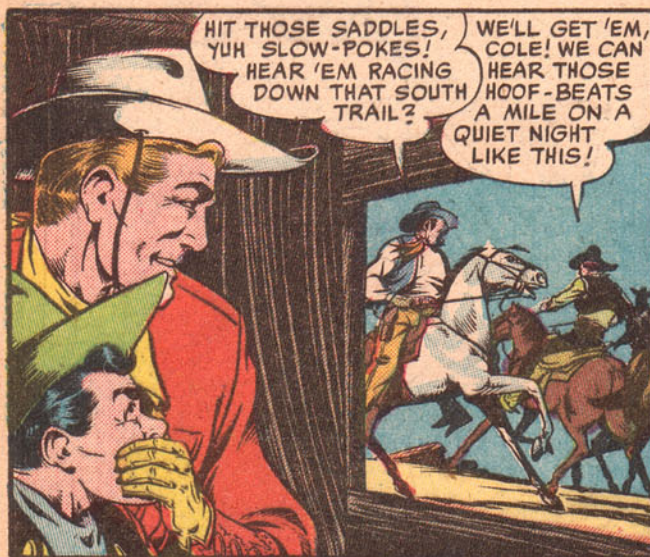
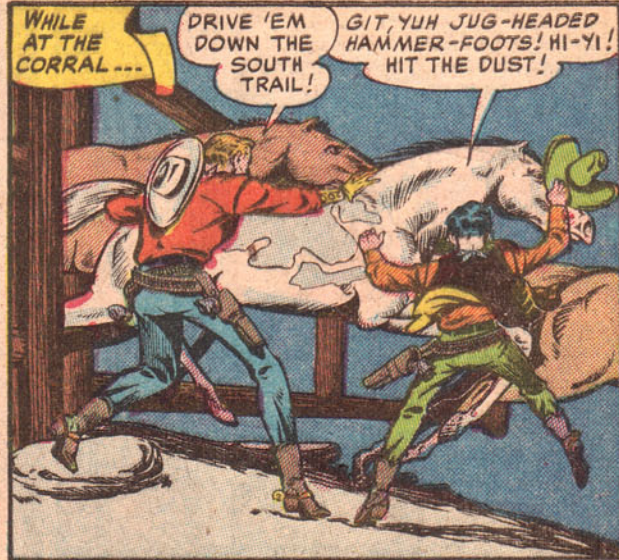
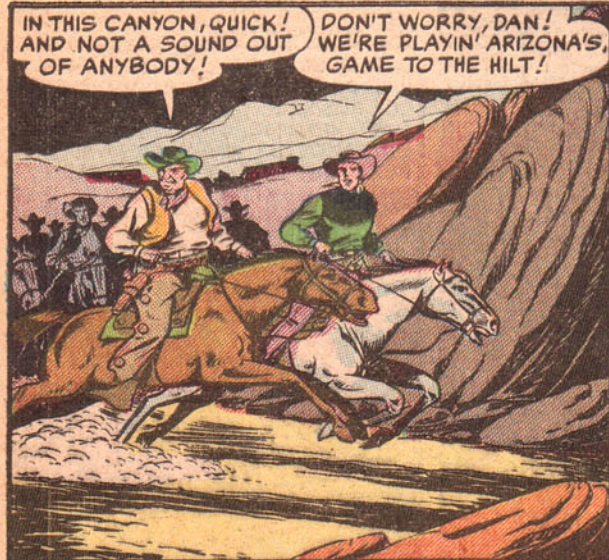
LET'S GO! YAHOOO! DOWN WITH YODER'S GUN-HAWKS!

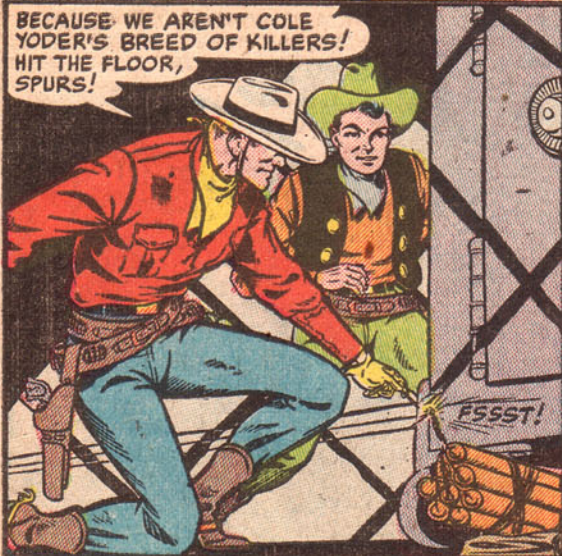
YIPPEE!

EEOOW! WHAT TH...? WE'RE BEIN ATTACKED!

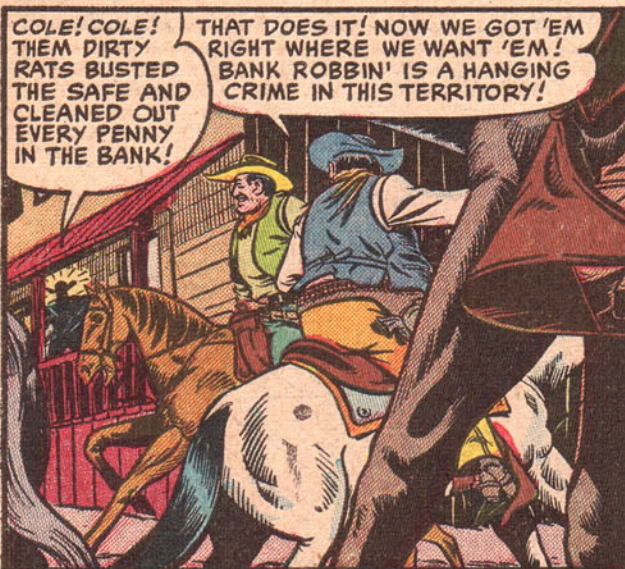
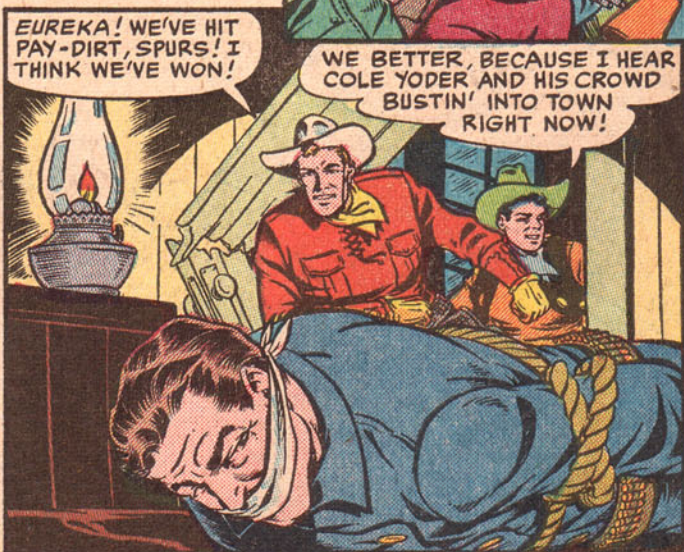
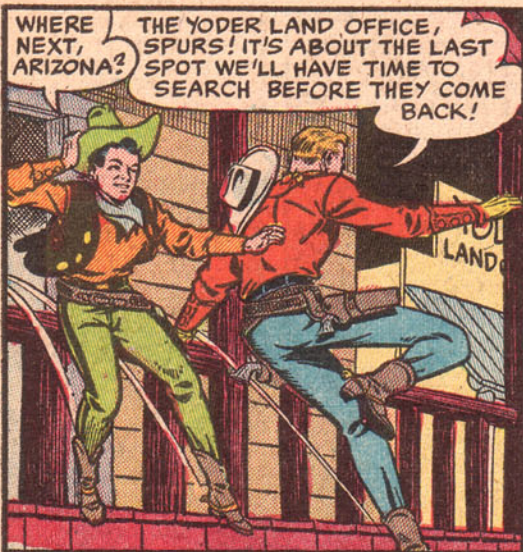


IT'S THE OUTLAW CROWD! GET YOUR HORSES AND RUN 'EM DOWN! I'LL PAY A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR EVERY ONE CAUGHT ALIVE FOR HANGING!



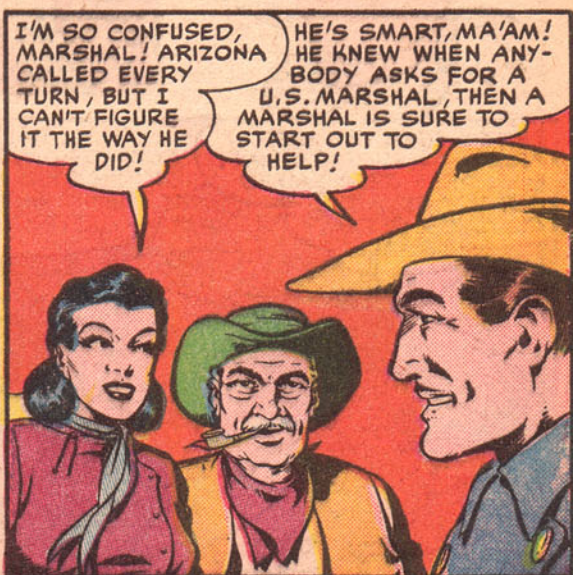
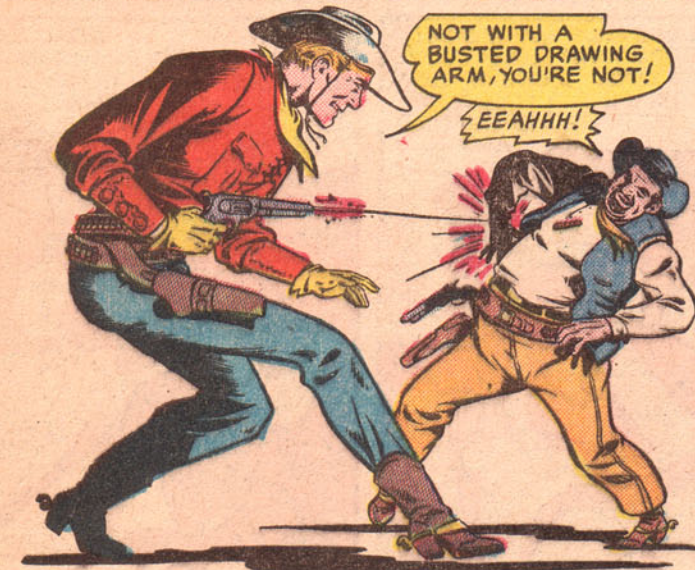


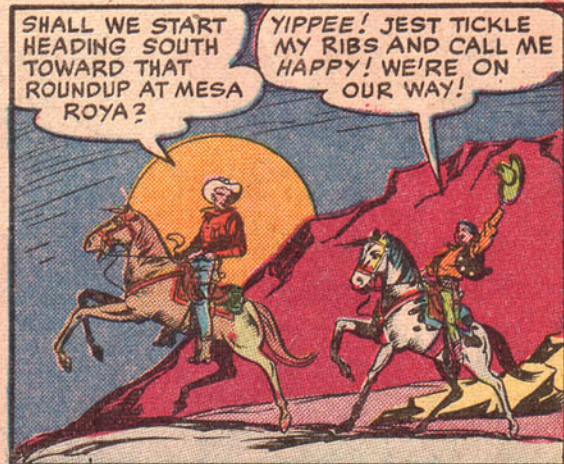
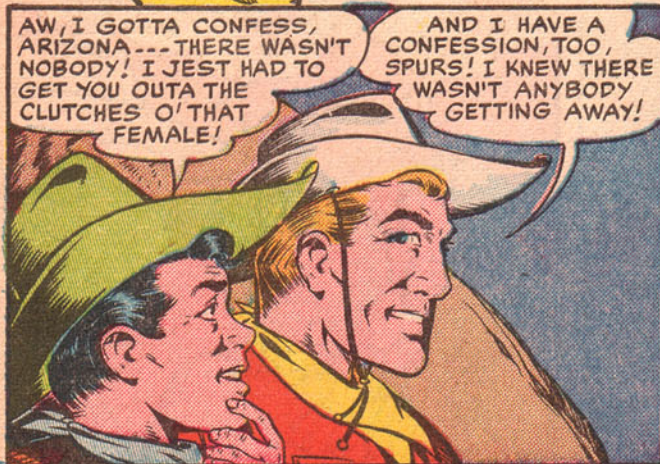
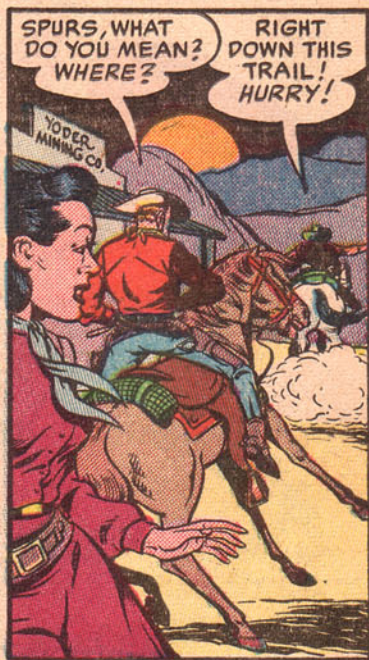
MEANWHILE, ALONG THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET--



THEN HERE'S THE GENT TO COMPLAIN TO, COLE--- THE U.S. MARSHAL YOU KIDNAPPED AND KEPT TIED IN YORE BACK ROOM!

IF I'M LICKED, YOU'RE LICKED, TOO! BANK ROBBING IS A FEDERAL CRIME! THEY'LL SWING FOR IT!





THE MOST DYNAMIC MAGAZINE ON THE
NEWSSTANDS!



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KEN SHANNON
Sensational
PRIVATE EYE
And

T-MAN

INTREPID TREASURY AGENT AND HIS
FAST PACED WORLD-WIDE ASSIGNMENTS
TRACKING DOWN CRIME!

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**POLICE
COMICS**

**IS YOUR TYPE OF
MAGAZINE!**

DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE!



The WHIP

FROM THE GRIM BLACK HILLS TO THE PANHANDLE...FROM THE MUDDY MISSOURI TO THE MIGHTY PACIFIC...MEN OF EVIL FEARED THE FIGHTING FURY OF THE SINISTER FIGURE THEY CALLED **THE WHIP!** SO THE WORST OUTLAWS OF THE WEST FORGOT THEIR FEUDS LONG ENOUGH TO JOIN FORCES AND SET A CLEVER AND MURDEROUS...

"DEATH TRAP for THE WHIP!"



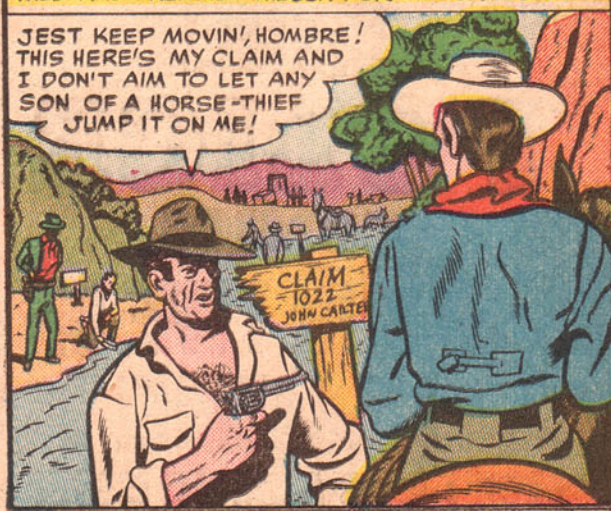
EEEOW! **GOLD!** REAL SHORE-NUFF **GOLD---** AND I DON'T MEAN NO LITTLE-BITTY PIECES, NEITHER!



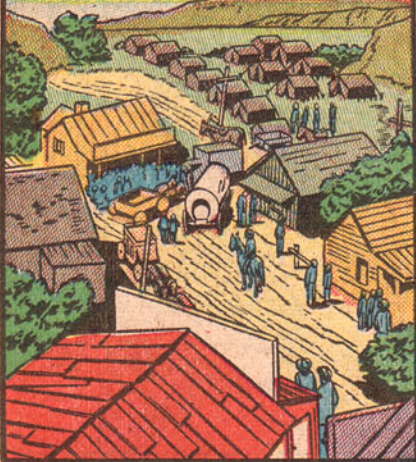
OUR STORY REALLY BEGINS WITH THE EARLY SPRING ---AND THE DAY OLD PONY PETE BROUGHT COYOTE CANYON INTO THE NEWS!

WITHIN A MONTH THE EMPTY CANYON HAD BECOME A WILD AND FRENZIED MECCA FOR THOUSANDS...

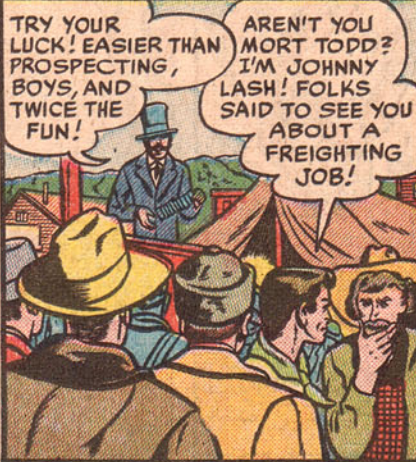
JEST KEEP MOVIN', HOMBRE! THIS HERE'S MY CLAIM AND I DON'T AIM TO LET ANY SON OF A HORSE-THIEF JUMP IT ON ME!



AT THE CANYON'S MOUTH A BOOM TOWN WAS MUSHROOMING! COYOTE CITY, THEY CALLED IT... IN MANY WAYS A FITTING NAME!



THE BOOM DREW ALL KINDS OF MEN... FROM TINHORN GAMBLERS TO EARNEST AMBITIOUS YOUNGSTERS LIKE JOHNNY LASH!



TRY YOUR LUCK! EASIER THAN PROSPECTING, BOYS, AND TWICE THE FUN!

AREN'T YOU MORT TODD? I'M JOHNNY LASH! FOLKS SAID TO SEE YOU ABOUT A FREIGHTING JOB!

MMM, YOU SEEM A MITE FEATHERY AND YOUNG FOR HEAVY FREIGHTING, LASH, BUT I'M PRESSED FOR DRIVERS! I'LL TRY YOU!

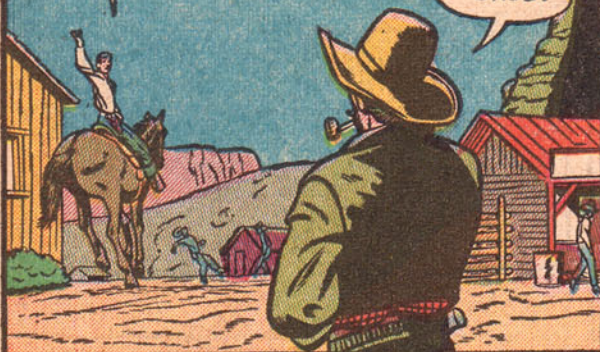
THANKS, MR. TODD! I CAN HANDLE ANY SIX OR EIGHT-HORSE WAGON ON ANY GRADE!



FIND THE MORT TODD FREIGHT CORRAL AND TELL SLEEPY

I ALREADY TOLD SLEEPY! I FIGURED I'D BE HIRED!

YOU'RE TAKING NUMBER EIGHT UP THE CANYON AT DAWN! TWENTY A DAY AND GRUB!

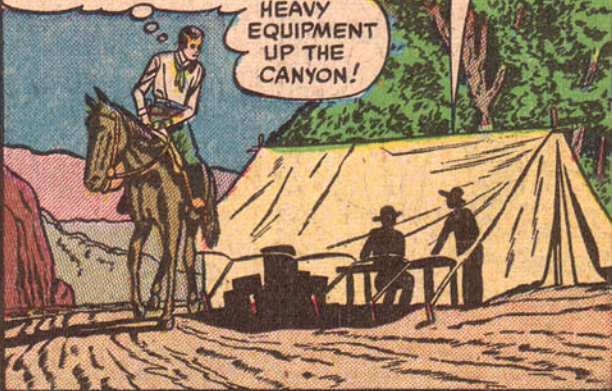


... WHO CARES WHO'S DRIVIN' THE WAGON? WE

HEY, THAT MUST BE TODD'S WAGON THEY'RE SPEAKING OF! HE'S DOING ALL THE FREIGHTING OF

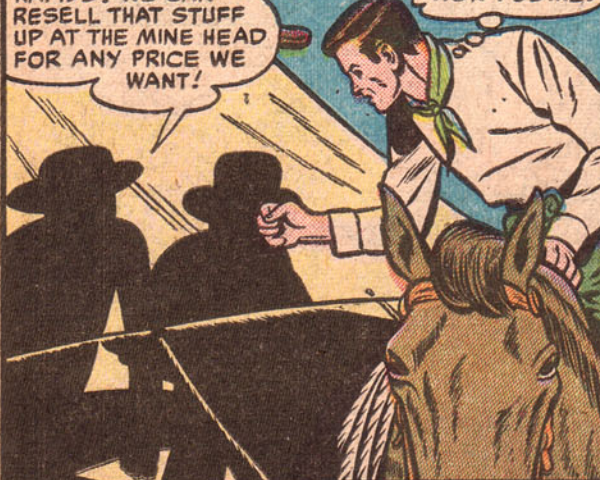
PLUG THE DRIVER AND GRAB THE MINING EQUIPMENT FOR OURSELVES!

HEAVY EQUIPMENT UP THE CANYON!



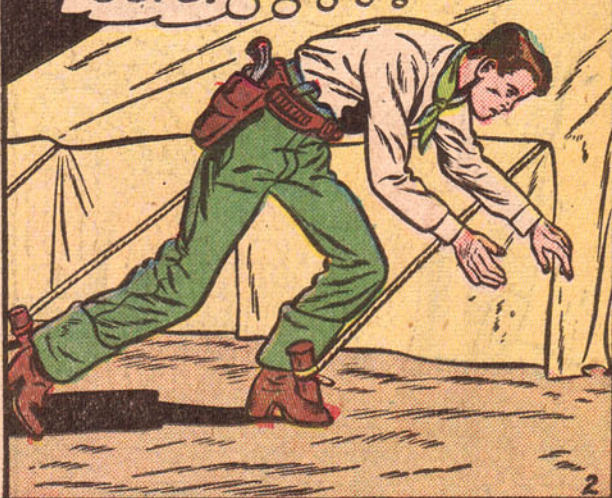
OKAY! WE'LL STRIKE UP THE CANYON, AT FORK RAPIDS! WE CAN RESELL THAT STUFF UP AT THE MINE HEAD FOR ANY PRICE WE WANT!

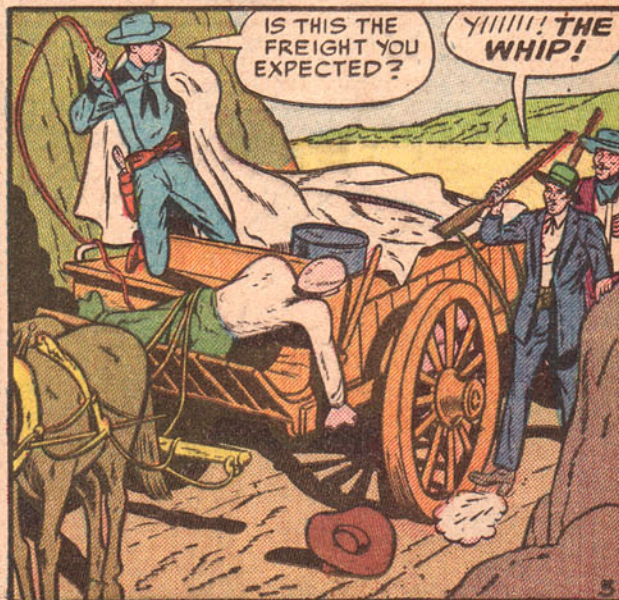
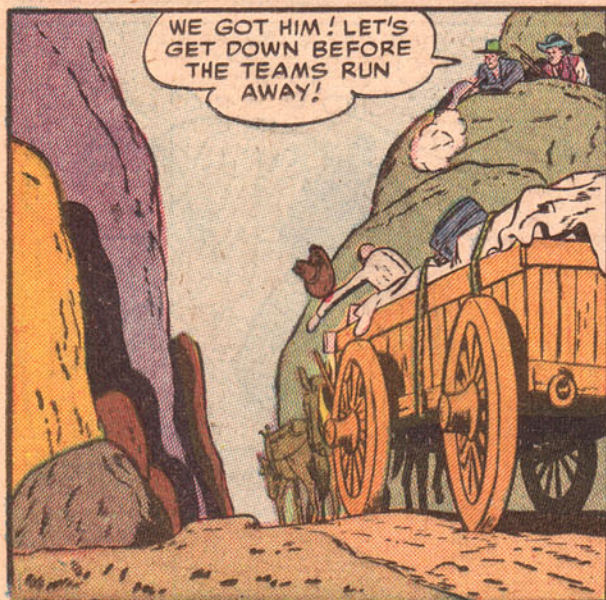
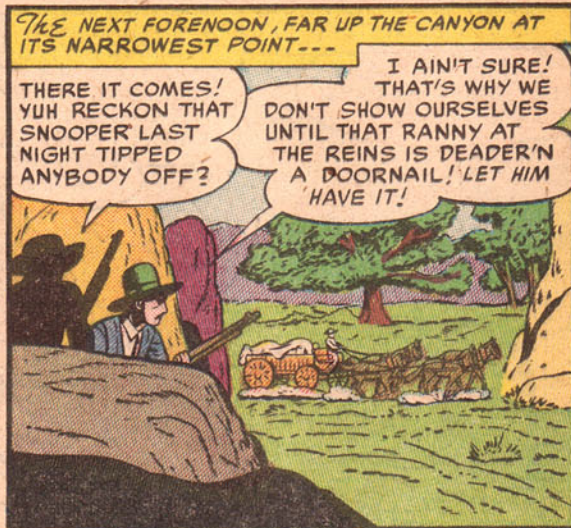
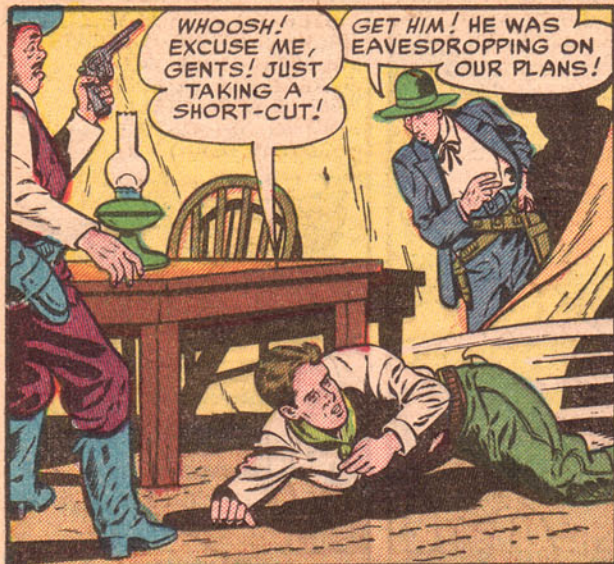
SOMEBODY IS DUE FOR A SURPRISE WHEN THEY JUMP THAT WAGON... AND IT WON'T BE ME!



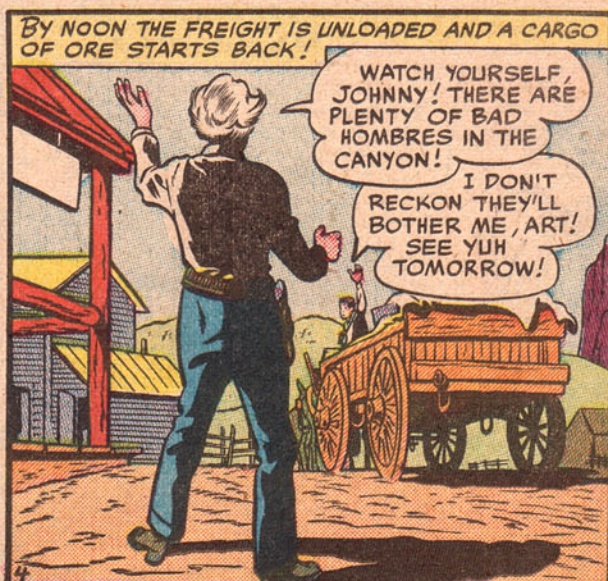
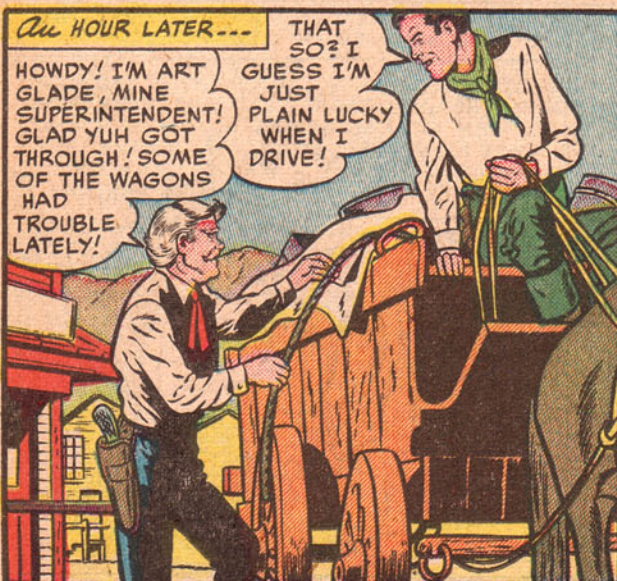
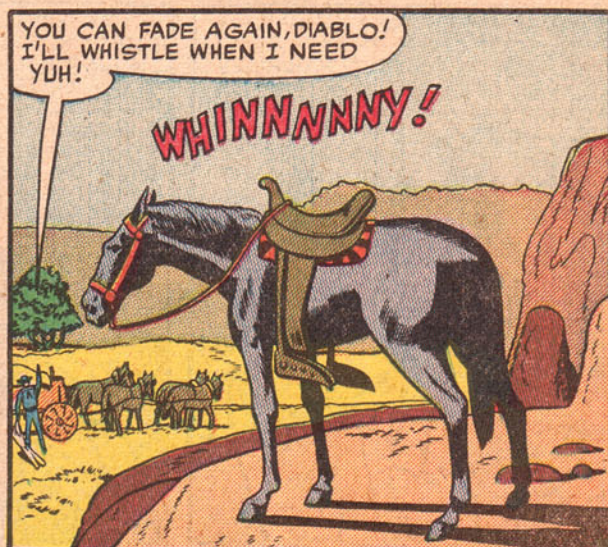
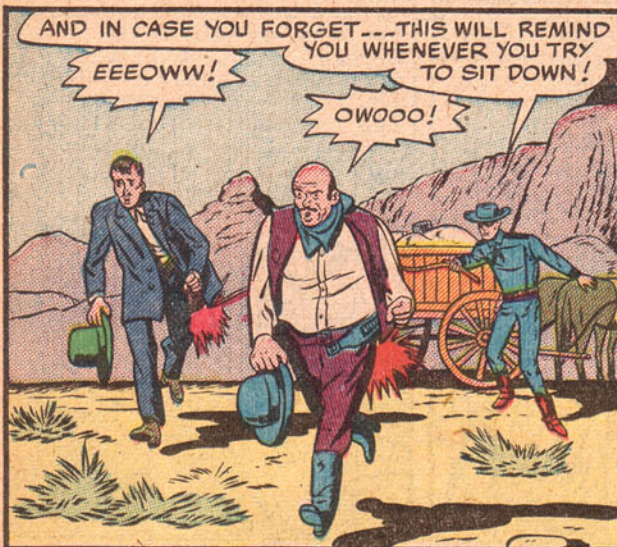
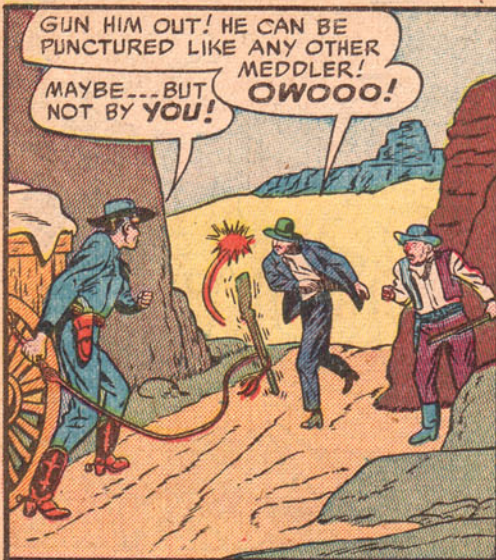
IF I COULD JUST GET A PEEK AT THEIR FACES...

OOPS!





CRACK WESTERN



THAT EVENING, IN COYOTE CITY...

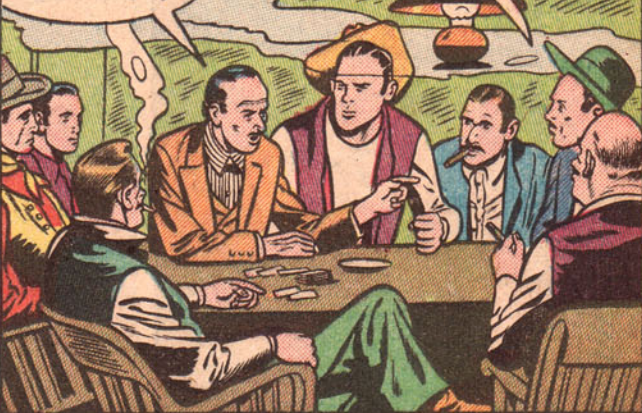
HURRY UP, MAUG! I FEEL LIKE THE WHIP'S WATCHIN' US FROM EVERY SHADOW!

I FEEL LIKE MY HIP POCKET WAS FULL O' HOT CACTUS! GET OUTA MY WAY SO I KIN HURRY!



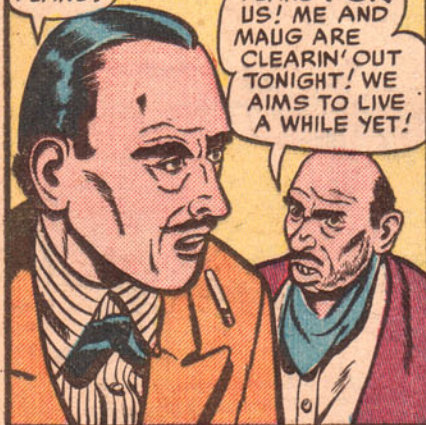
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU BOYS SHOWED UP! DID YOU GET THE LOAD OF MACHINERY TO THE HIDEOUT?

WE WAS LUCKY TO GET OURSELVES THERE, KING! THE WHIP WAS LAYIN' FOR US ON THAT WAGON!



THE WHIP? HERE IN COYOTE CITY? THAT CALLS FOR A CHANGE IN OUR PLANS!

HAW! HE ALREADY CHANGED OUR PLANS FOR US! ME AND MAUG ARE CLEARIN' OUT TONIGHT! WE AIMS TO LIVE A WHILE YET!



IF YOU LEAVE, IT'LL BE FEET FIRST! NOBODY WALKS OUT ON KING KELLAN WHEN THE GOING GETS ROUGH! COME BACK AND SIT DOWN!

AWRRK! W-W-E'LL STAY, K-KING... BUT IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, WE DON'T FEEL LIKE SETTIN' DOWN!



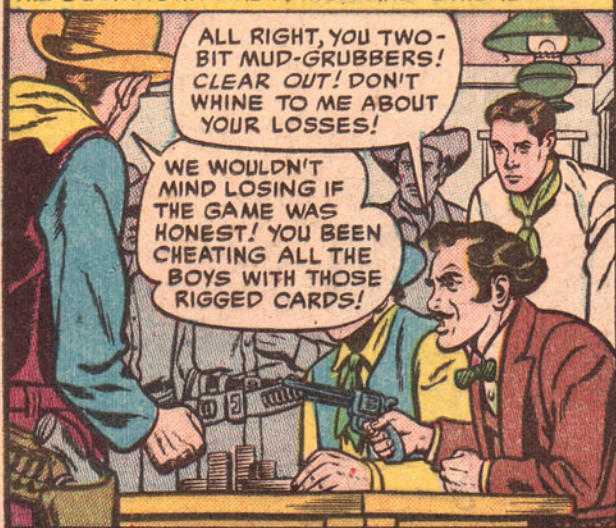
THE WHIP'S GOOD BUT HE'S ONLY ONE MAN! WE'VE GOT THE TOUGHEST BOYS IN THE WEST HERE NOW... PLENTY OF THEM! WE'LL SET A TRAP! NOW GET THIS AND GET IT STRAIGHT...



MEANWHILE JOHNNY LASH WAS DRIFTING THROUGH THE BOOM TOWN LIKE A THOUSAND OTHERS...

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO-BIT MUD-GRUBBERS! CLEAR OUT! DON'T WHINE TO ME ABOUT YOUR LOSSES!

WE WOULDN'T MIND LOSING IF THE GAME WAS HONEST! YOU BEEN CHEATING ALL THE BOYS WITH THOSE RIGGED CARDS!

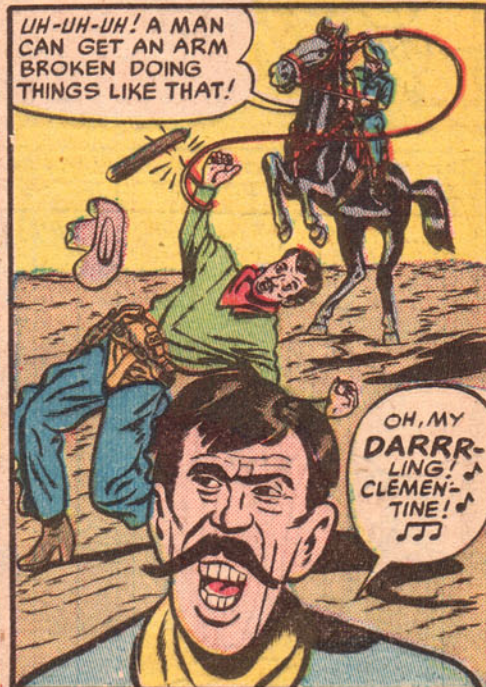
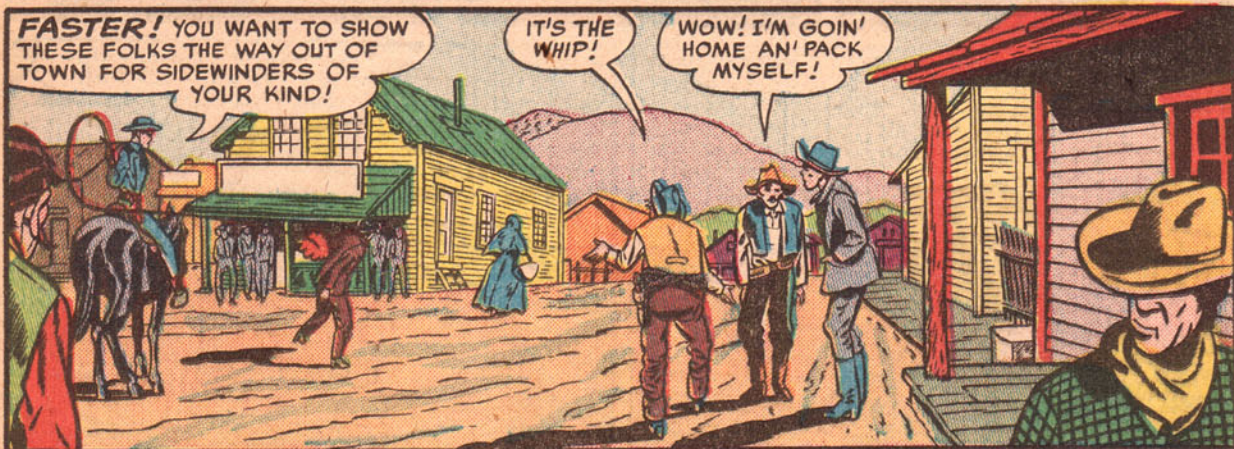
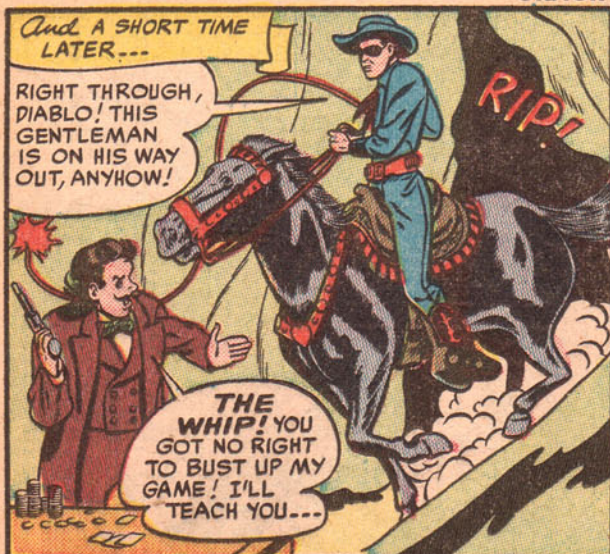


...BUT HIS EARS AND EYES WERE OPEN TO THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF INJUSTICE!

WHAT ARE THEY WHINING ABOUT? THEY HAD THEIR FUN! LET 'EM GO BACK AND ROOT UP SOME MORE GOLD! I'LL BE WAITING TO TAKE IT!

MAYBE THE WHIP WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT, MY NOISY FRIEND!





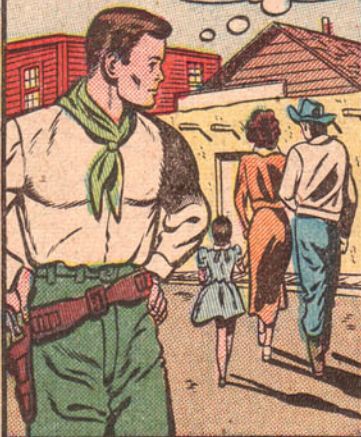
CRACK WESTERN

THE EFFECT OF THE WHIP'S DEADLY PRESENCE WAS FELT THROUGHOUT COYOTE CITY---

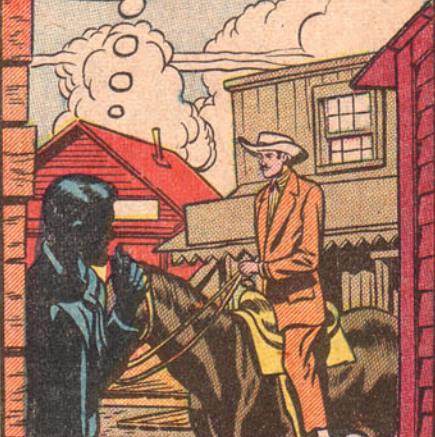
MARSHAL, I DON'T CARE IF THE JAIL IS FULL! YUH GOTTA LET ME IN! THE WHIP'S AFTER ME!



IT'S A GOOD FEELING TO KNOW THAT BECAUSE OF THE WHIP, A MAN DARES WALK HIS FAMILY DOWN THE STREET WITHOUT FEAR!

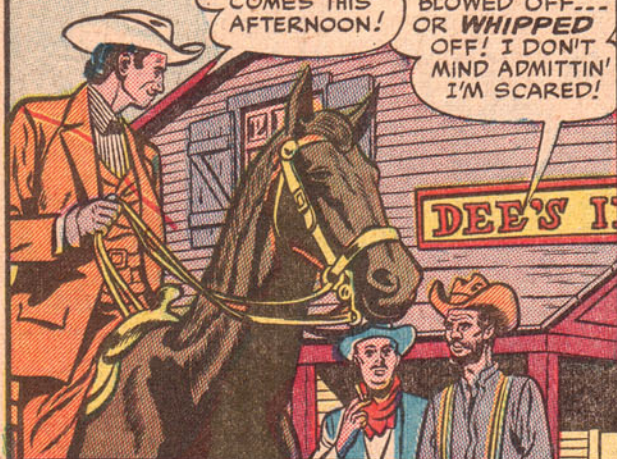


YES, SIR! COYOTE CITY HAS BECOME PLUMB PEACEFUL ALL OF A SUDDEN! RECKON IT'S ABOUT TIME TO DRIFT ON!



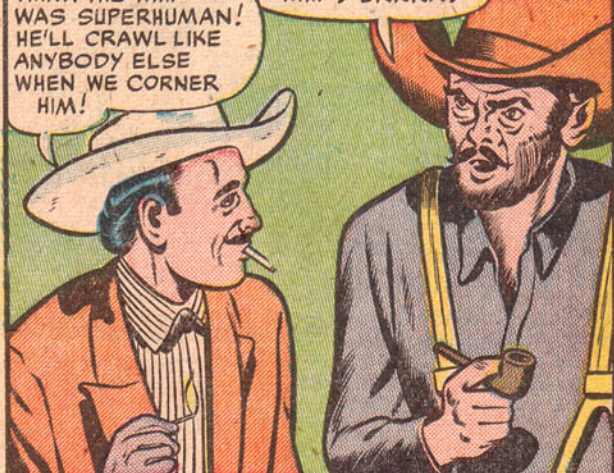
GET READY FOR ACTION, BOYS! EVERYTHING'S ALL SET! THE BLOW-OFF COMES THIS AFTERNOON!

I SURE HOPE IT AIN'T MY HEAD THAT GETS BLOWED OFF... OR WHIPPED OFF! I DON'T MIND ADMITTIN' I'M SCARED!



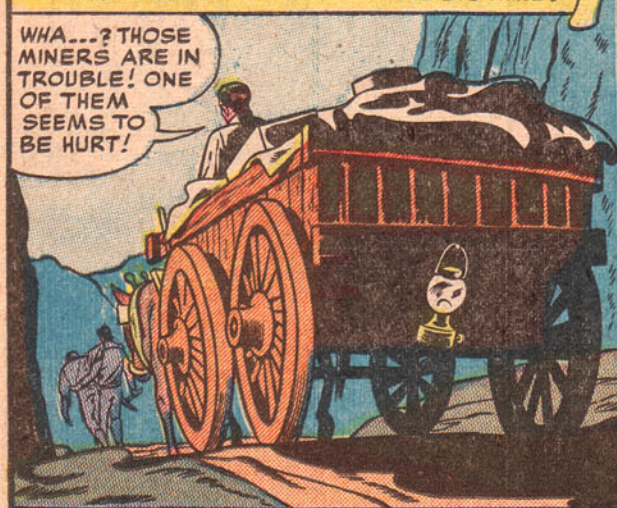
FORGET IT! ANYBODY'D THINK THE WHIP WAS SUPERHUMAN! HE'LL CRAWL LIKE ANYBODY ELSE WHEN WE CORNER HIM!

MY SKIN'S CRAWLIN' NOW, JEST THINKIN' OF THAT WHIP! BRRRR!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON JOHNNY LASH BRINGS ANOTHER WAGON DOWN FROM THE BIG MINE!

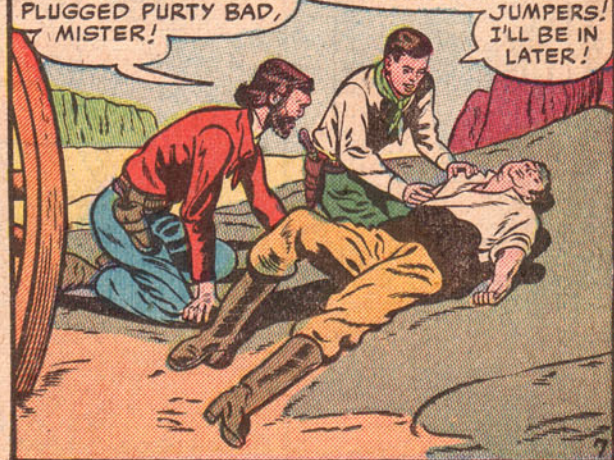
WHA...? THOSE MINERS ARE IN TROUBLE! ONE OF THEM SEEMS TO BE HURT!



TWO POLECATS JUMPED OUR CLAIM AN' SHOT US UP WHEN WE OBJECTED! PETE'S PLUGGED PURTY BAD, MISTER!

TAKE HIM TO TOWN ON THE WAGON! I...ER... WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE CLAIM-

JUMPERS! I'LL BE IN LATER!





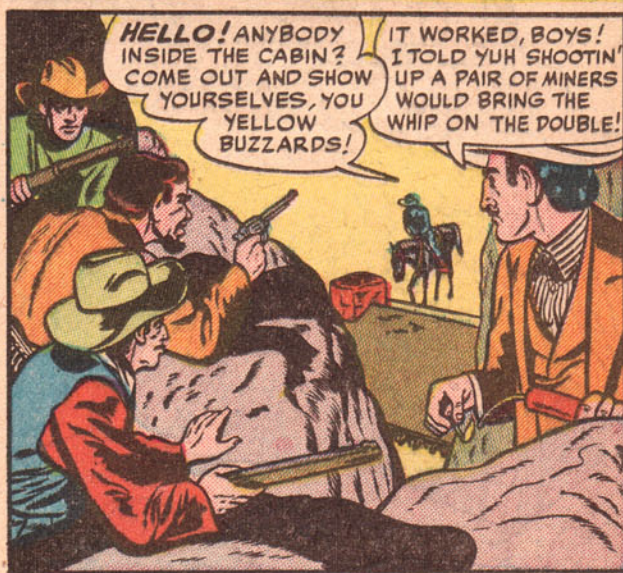
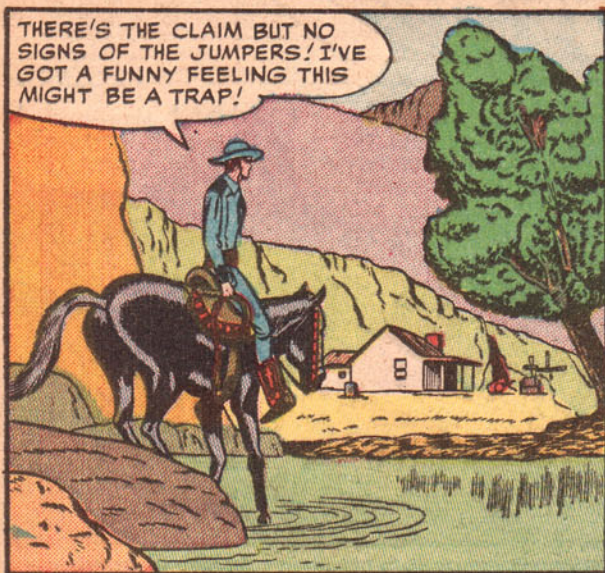
I'LL BE CAREFUL!



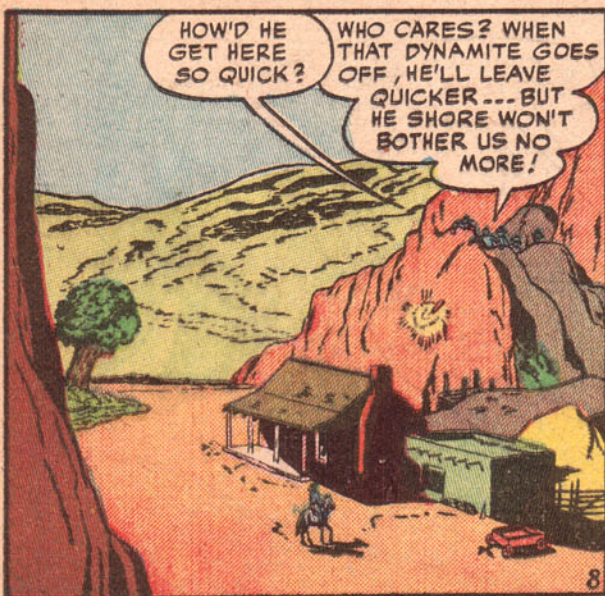
TWEEET!
HERE, DIABLO!



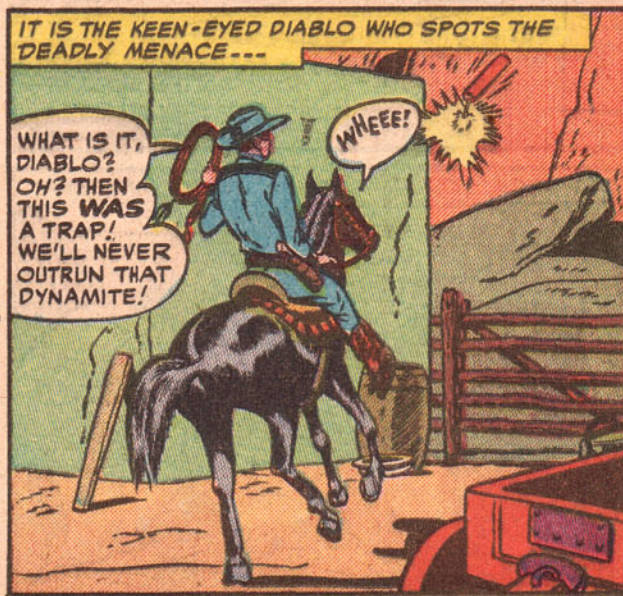
WHINNY!



IT WORKED, BOYS!
I TOLD YUH SHOOTIN' UP A PAIR OF MINERS WOULD BRING THE WHIP ON THE DOUBLE!

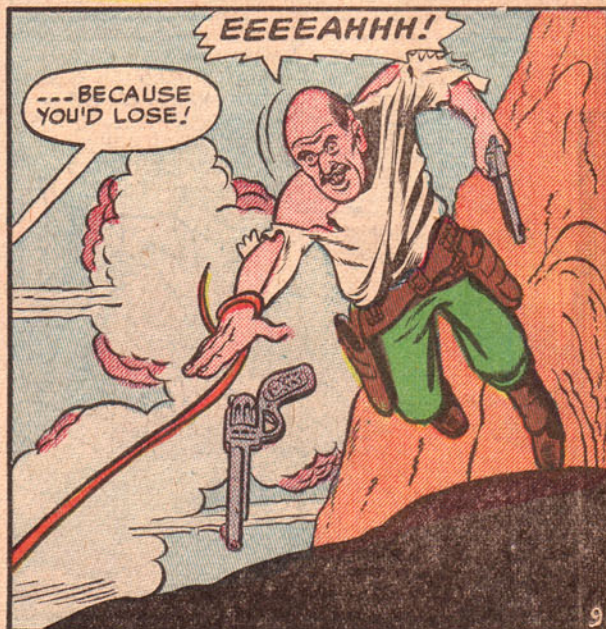
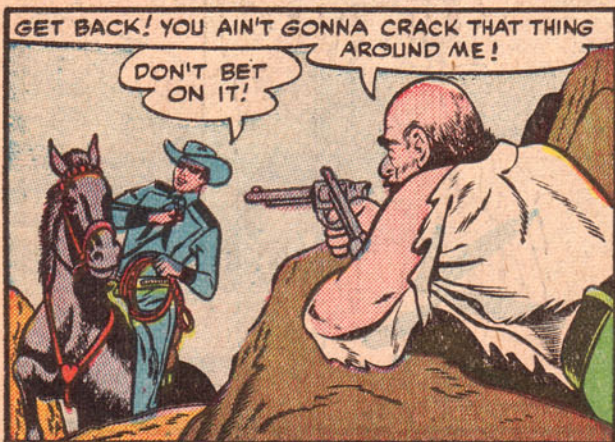
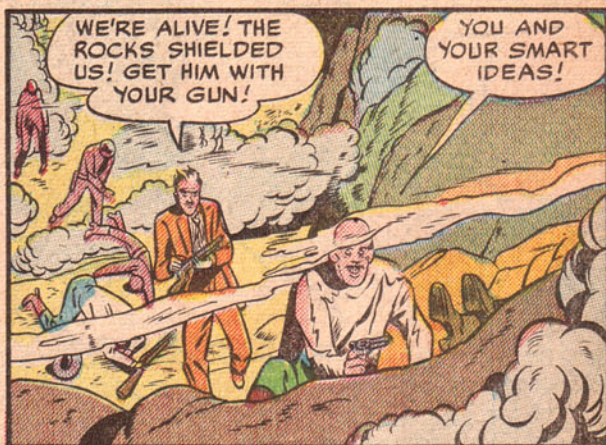
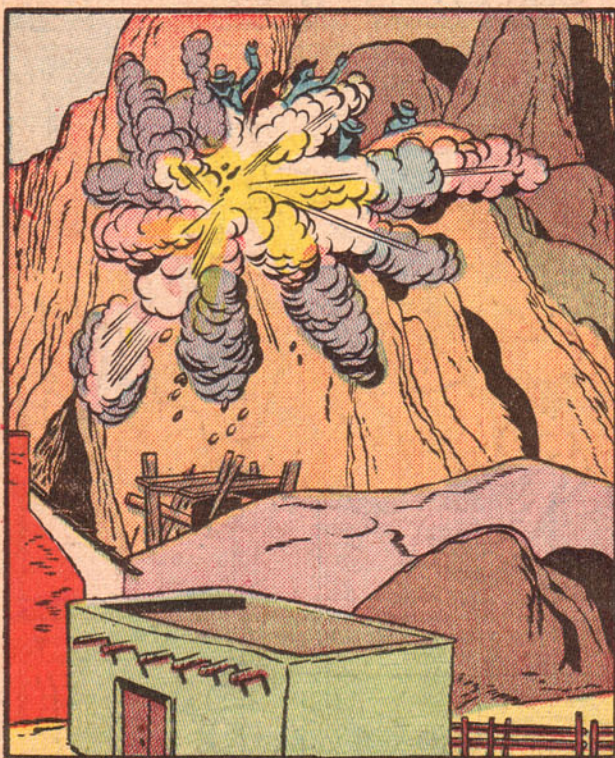
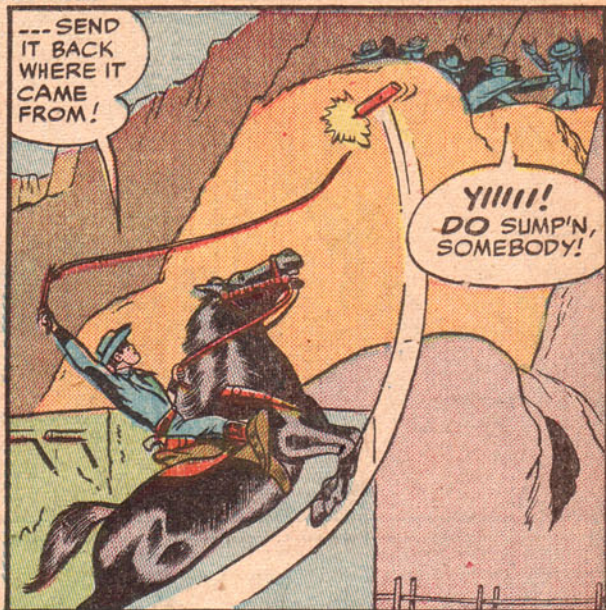
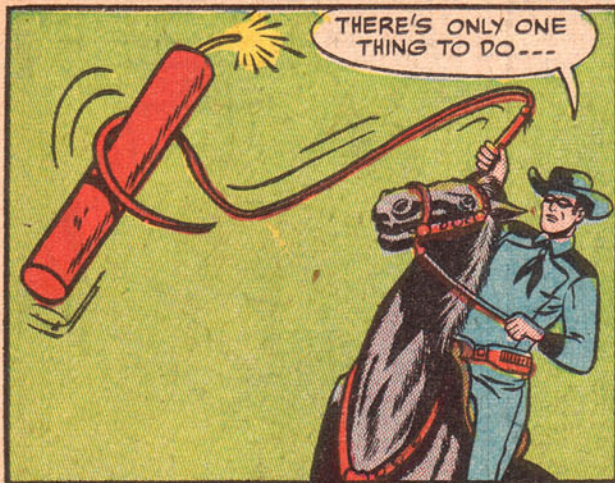


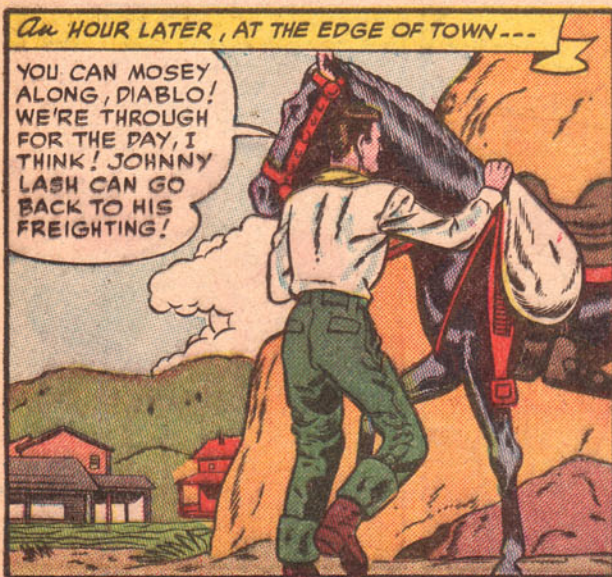
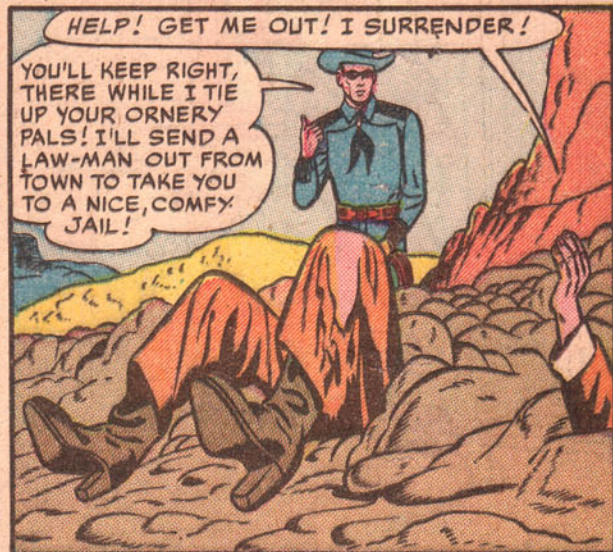
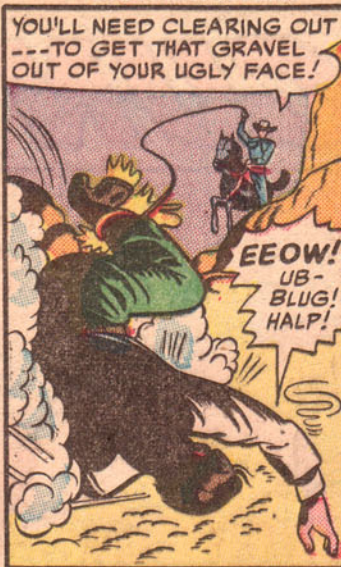
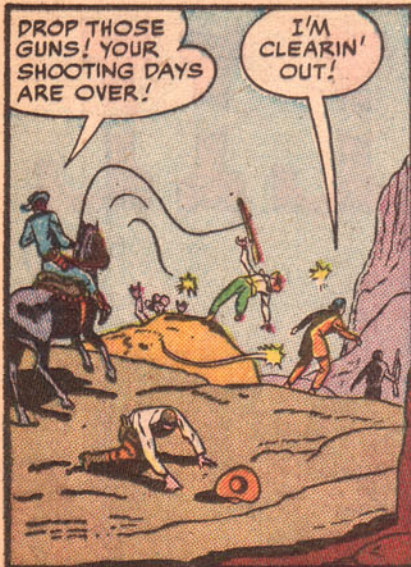
WHO CARES? WHEN THAT DYNAMITE GOES OFF, HE'LL LEAVE QUICKER... BUT HE SHORE WON'T BOTHER US NO MORE!



IT IS THE KEEN-EYED DIABLO WHO SPOTS THE DEADLY MENACE...

WHIEEE!

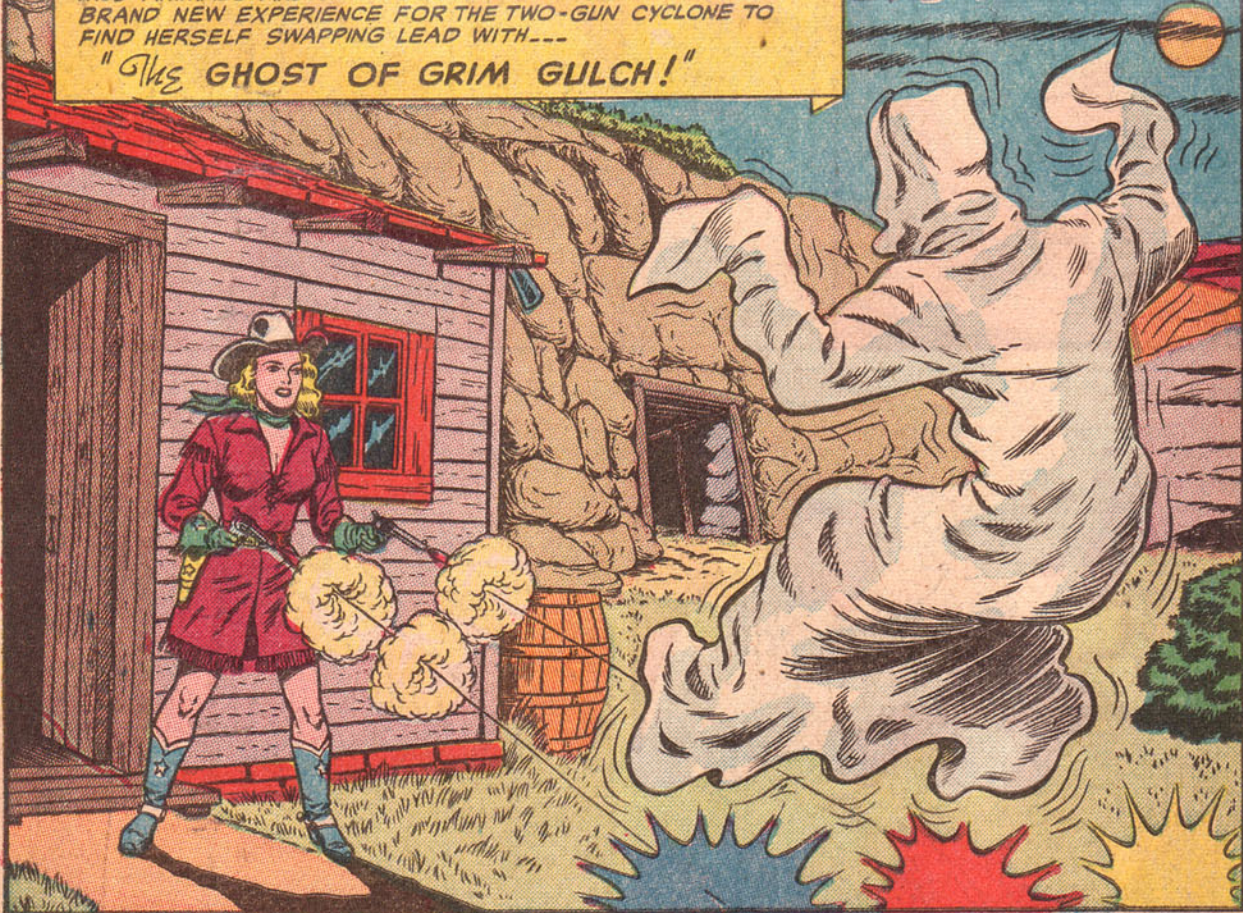




TWO-GUN LIL

LIL PETERS HAS FOUGHT OUTLAW HORSES AND OUTLAW MEN... WILD ANIMALS AND TWO-LEGGED WOLVES! BUT IT WAS A BRAND NEW EXPERIENCE FOR THE TWO-GUN CYCLONE TO FIND HERSELF SWAPPING LEAD WITH---

"THE GHOST OF GRIM GULCH!"

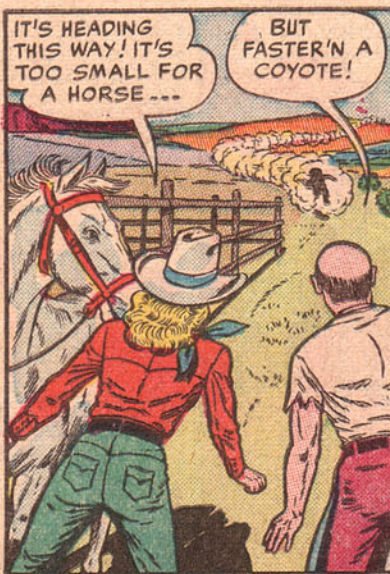


BETWEEN TRAVELS, LIL PETERS WORKS HARD ON HER OWN RANCH!



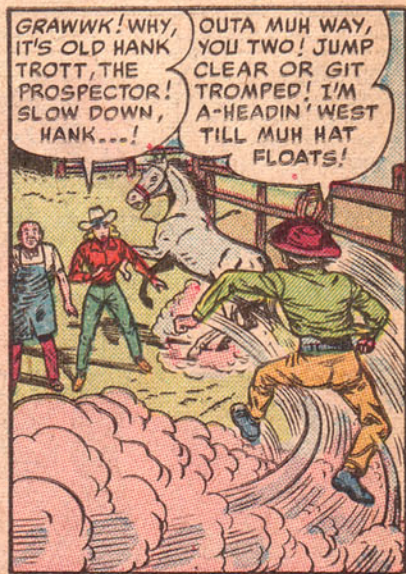
--- AND I'D TRY A SIX-OUNCE SHOE UNTIL THAT HOOF HEALS, LEN---

RIGHT, MISS LIL! I'LL... HOLY HOWLIN' HOOT-OWLS! WHUT'S THET?



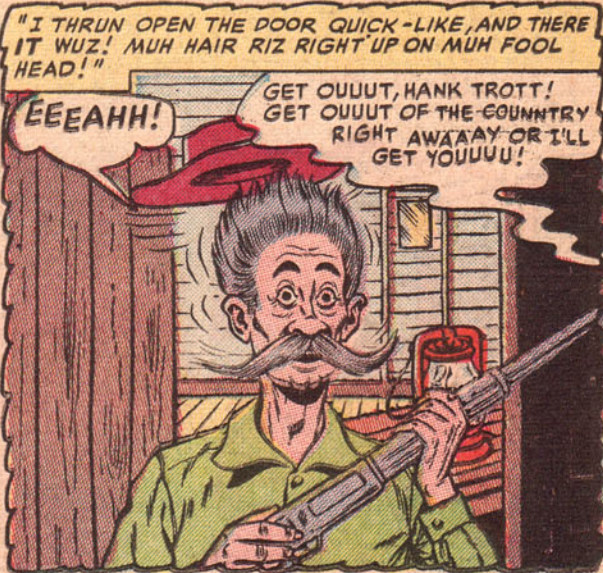
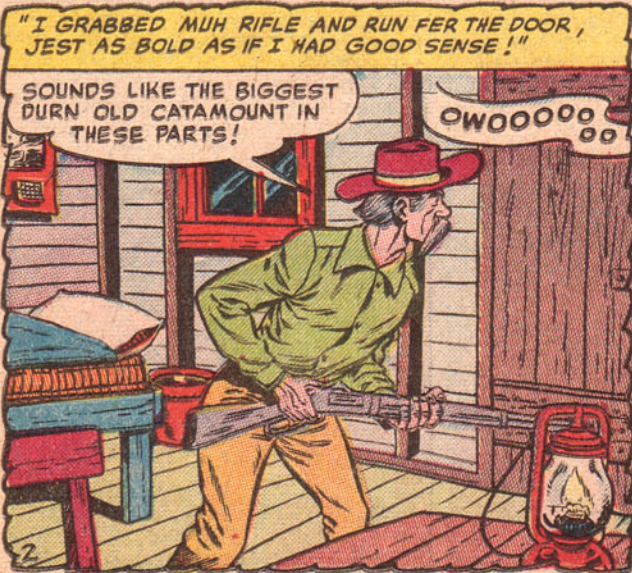
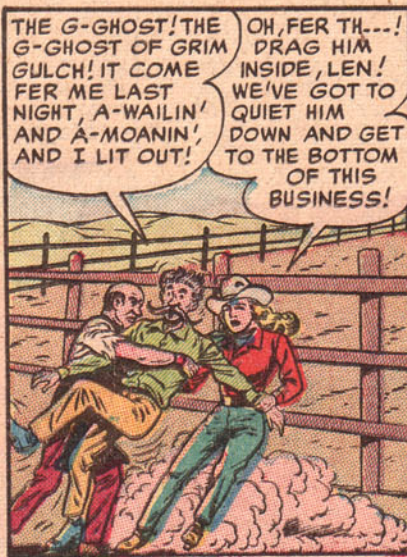
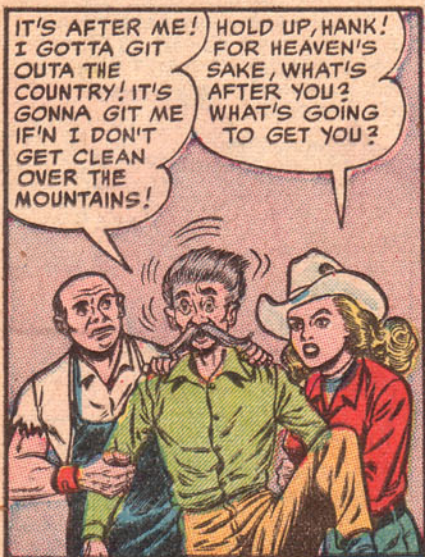
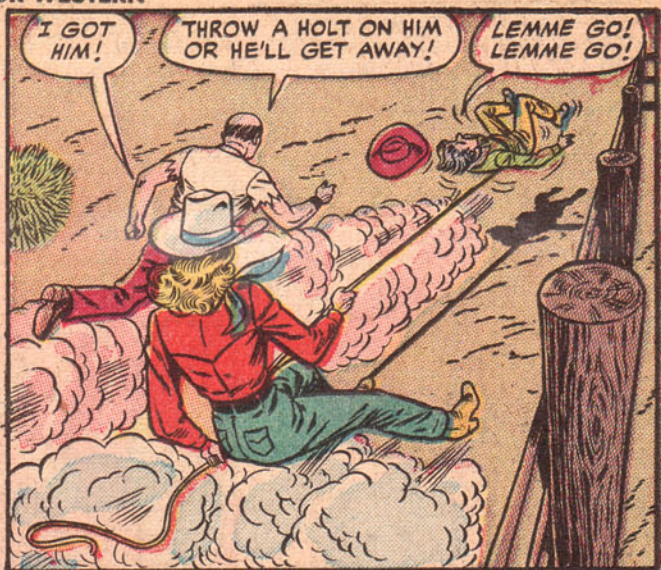
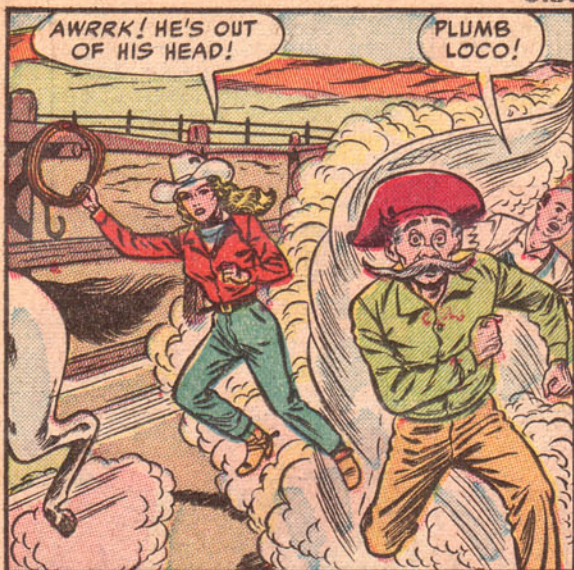
IT'S HEADING THIS WAY! IT'S TOO SMALL FOR A HORSE---

BUT FASTER'N A COYOTE!



GRAWWK! WHY, IT'S OLD HANK TROTT, THE PROSPECTOR! SLOW DOWN, HANK---

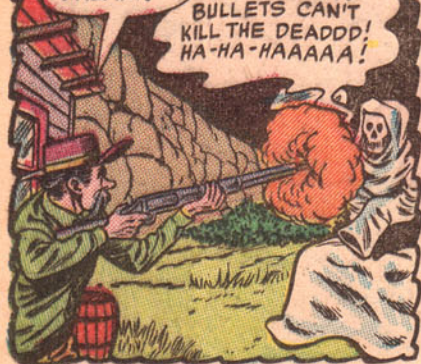
OUTA MUH WAY, YOU TWO! JUMP CLEAR OR GIT TROMPED! I'M A-HEADIN' WEST TILL MUH HAT FLOATS!



"BEIN' SCARED OUTA MUH WITS, I JEST UP WITH MUH TRUSTY RIFLE AND LET HIM HAVE IT, SQUARE ATWEEN THE EYES!"

GIT BACK! G-GIT AW-WAY FROM ME, Y-YUH BAD DREAM!

HA-HA-HA-AAA! DON'T BE A FOO-O-O-OL, HANK TROTT! BULLETS CAN'T KILL THE DEADDD! HA-HA-HAAAAA!



YES, HANK! AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

THEN, MA'AM, HE KEPT RIGHT ON A-COMIN'--- AND I STARTED RIGHT IN A-GOIN', AND I AIMS TO KEEP RIGHT ON A-GOIN'!



YOU STAY RIGHT HERE! I'M GOING TO RIDE OVER AND SPEND TO-NIGHT IN YOUR CABIN! I'D LIKE TO MEET A REAL GHOST JUST ONCE!

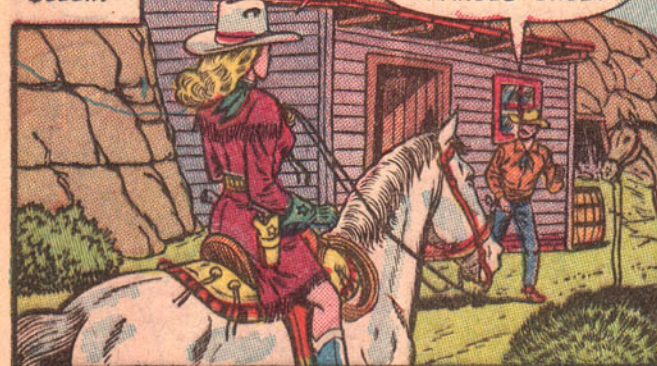
I'LL S-STAY, BUT IF'N YOU AIN'T BACK BY DAWN I'LL BE THINKIN' OF YUH KINDLY ON MUH WAY WEST!



A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER, AT HANK'S CABIN IN GRIM GULCH!

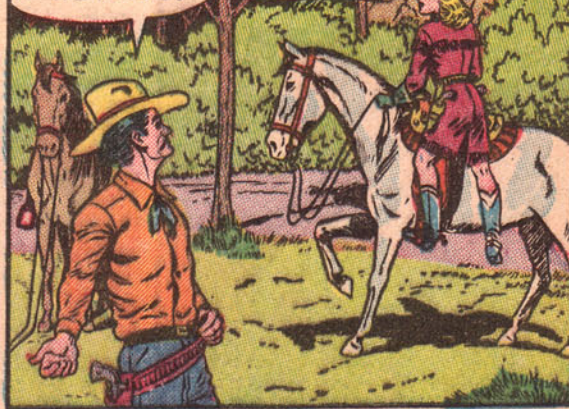
THERE'S HANK'S PLACE, NICE AND PEACEFUL AND... **LOU SMART!** JUST WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, YOU BUZZARD'S COUSIN?

NOW, LIL, THERE'S NO CALL TO GET NASTY--- JUST BECAUSE YOU AND I HAD A LITTLE FRACAS OVER THAT WATER HOLE ON OUR WEST RANGES ONCE!



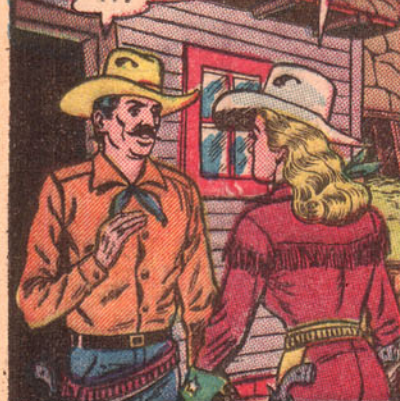
I WAS LOOKING FER OLD HANK! HE'S USUALLY AROUND HERE ALL THE TIME, PICKING AT THE ROCKS!

HMMA! HE MUST HAVE FOUND SOMETHING WORTH STEALING OR **YOU** WOULDN'T BE NOSING AROUND!



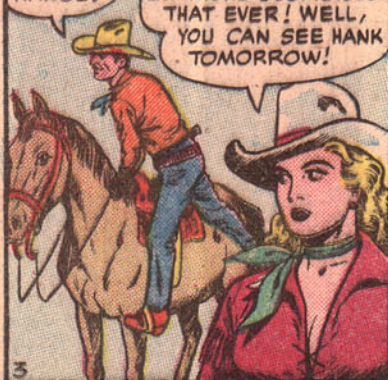
DON'T BE LIKE THAT, LIL! I OFFERED HANK \$100 FOR HIS PLACE LAST WEEK! I DROPPED AROUND TO SEE IF HE'D CONSIDERED IT!

UH-OH! NOW I **KNOW** THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY!



HE'S BEEN TALKING OF PULLING OUT! I WANT THIS PLACE FOR A LINE SHACK SO MY RIDERS CAN HOLE UP WHEN THEY'RE WORKING THIS END OF MY RANGE!

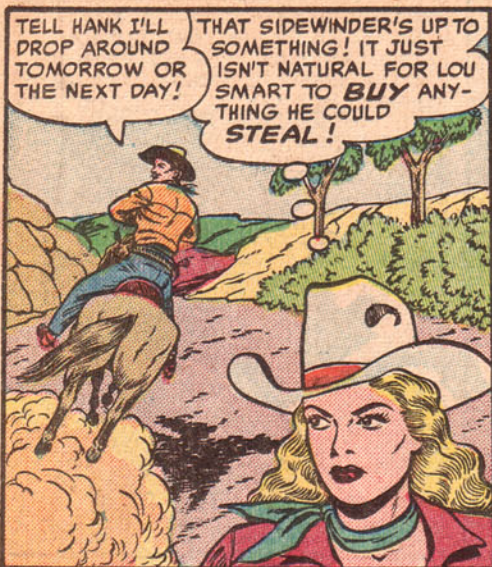
UH-HUH! THAT SOUNDS SO DARN REASONABLE, I'M MORE SUSPICIOUS THAT EVER! WELL, YOU CAN SEE HANK TOMORROW!



HE THOUGHT HE SAW A GHOST LAST NIGHT AND LIT OUT! BUT I TALKED HIM INTO COMING BACK! I'M STANDING WATCH WITH HIM HERE TONIGHT TO SHOW HIM HOW SILLY HE WAS!

A GHOST? HA-HA-HA! THANKS, LIL! I'LL DRIFT ALONG!



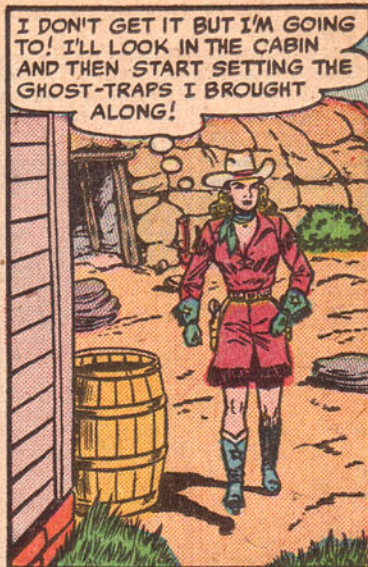


TELL HANK I'LL DROP AROUND TOMORROW OR THE NEXT DAY!

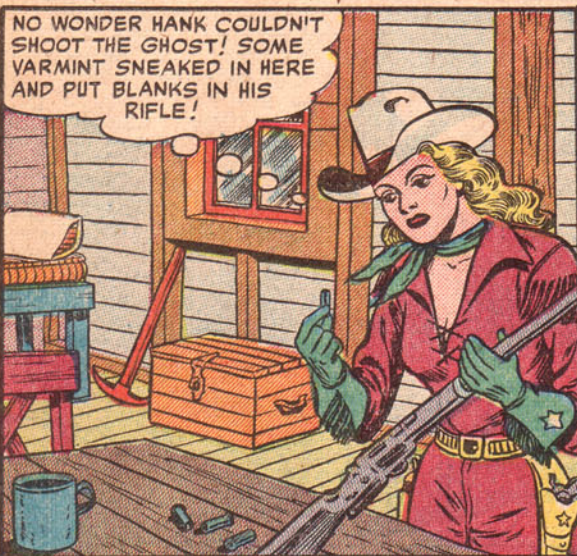
THAT SIDEWINDER'S UP TO SOMETHING! IT JUST ISN'T NATURAL FOR LOU SMART TO **BUY** ANYTHING HE COULD **STEAL**!



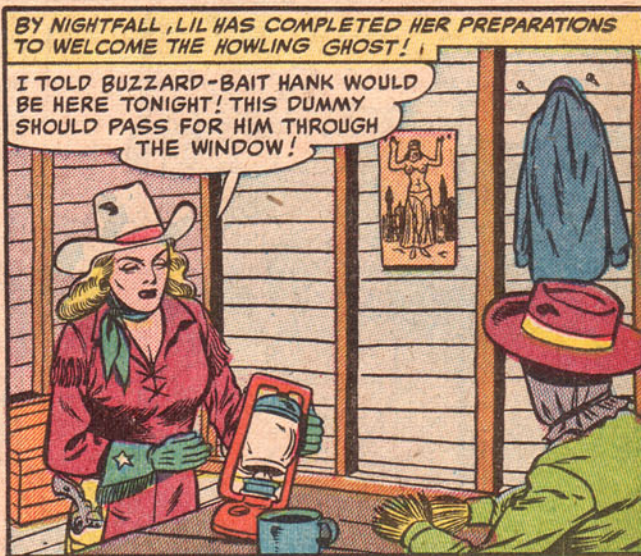
BUT WHAT IS LOU AFTER? NOBODY'S EVER FOUND GOLD HERE! HANK JUST PECKS OUT A BARE LIVING IN LOW-GRADE ORE, TOO POOR TO INTEREST MINING COMPANIES!



I DON'T GET IT BUT I'M GOING TO! I'LL LOOK IN THE CABIN AND THEN START SETTING THE GHOST-TRAPS I BROUGHT ALONG!

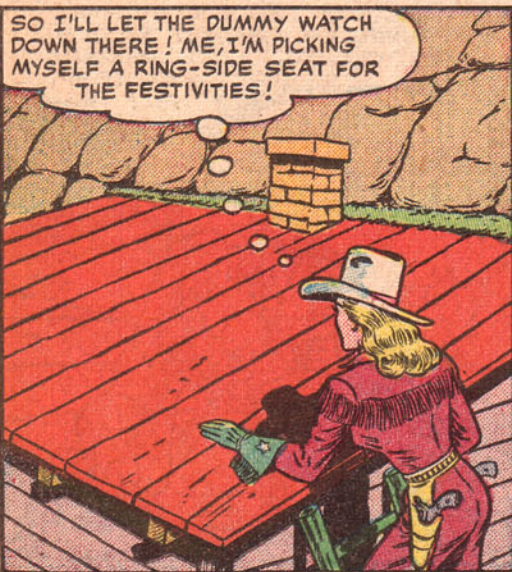


NO WONDER HANK COULDN'T SHOOT THE GHOST! SOME VARMINT SNEAKED IN HERE AND PUT BLANKS IN HIS RIFLE!

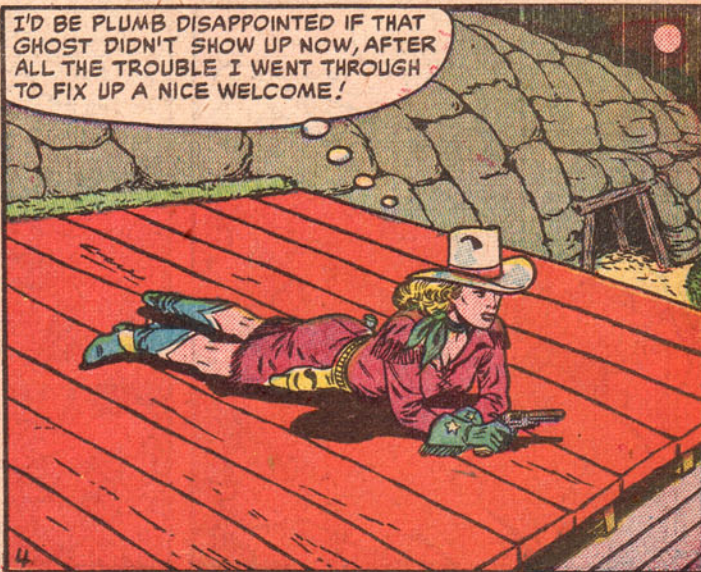


BY NIGHTFALL, LIL HAS COMPLETED HER PREPARATIONS TO WELCOME THE HOWLING GHOST!

I TOLD BUZZARD-BAIT HANK WOULD BE HERE TONIGHT! THIS DUMMY SHOULD PASS FOR HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW!



SO I'LL LET THE DUMMY WATCH DOWN THERE! ME, I'M PICKING MYSELF A RING-SIDE SEAT FOR THE FESTIVITIES!

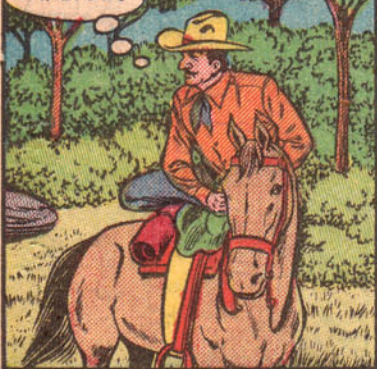


I'D BE PLUMB DISAPPOINTED IF THAT GHOST DIDN'T SHOW UP NOW, AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I WENT THROUGH TO FIX UP A NICE WELCOME!

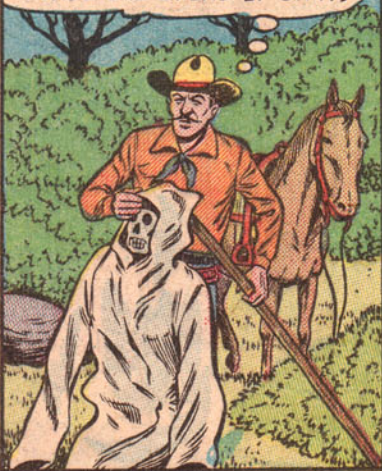
CRACK WESTERN

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, BACK IN THE WOODS---

BLAST THAT NOSEY TWO-GUN LIL! I HAD THE OLD FOOL COMPLETELY SCARED OUT UNTIL SHE TOOK A HAND! NOW I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL!



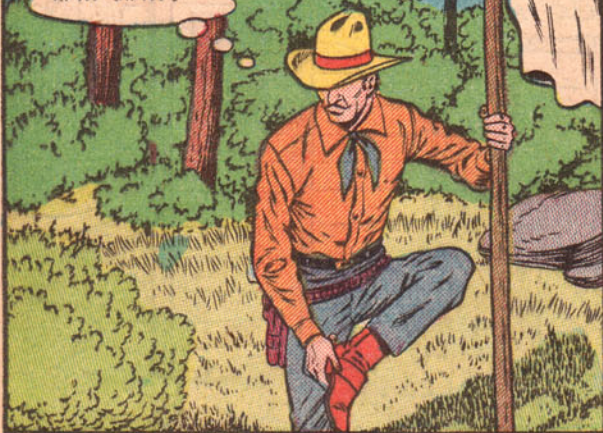
I COULDN'T DOCTOR HER SIX-GUNS SO I'VE GOT TO STAY CLEAR AWAY FROM MY GHOST, IN CASE SHE OPENS UP ON IT!



MAYBE AFTER SHE PUMPS A LITTLE LEAD THROUGH THE GHOST SHE WON'T BE SO ANXIOUS TO STICK AROUND AND SEE WHAT COMES NEXT!

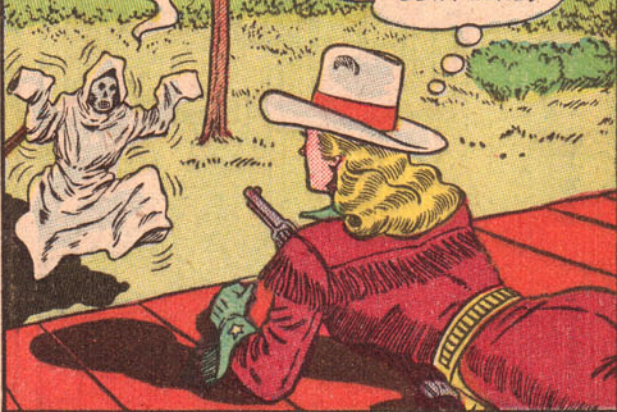


OOPS! ALMOST FORGOT MY BOOTS! A GHOST WITH SPURS THAT JINGLED MIGHT NOT DO THE TRICK SO WELL! HAW-HAW!

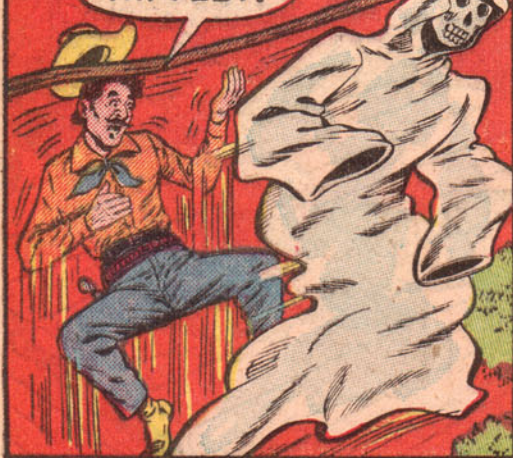


OOOO! I WARNED YOU, HANK TROTT! NOW I'M COMING FOR YOUUUUU!

WELL, DAWGGONE, THAT IS KIND OF A SCARY CRITTUR, AT THAT! DON'T KNOW AS I BLAME HANK FOR LIGHTING A SHUCK OUTA HERE!

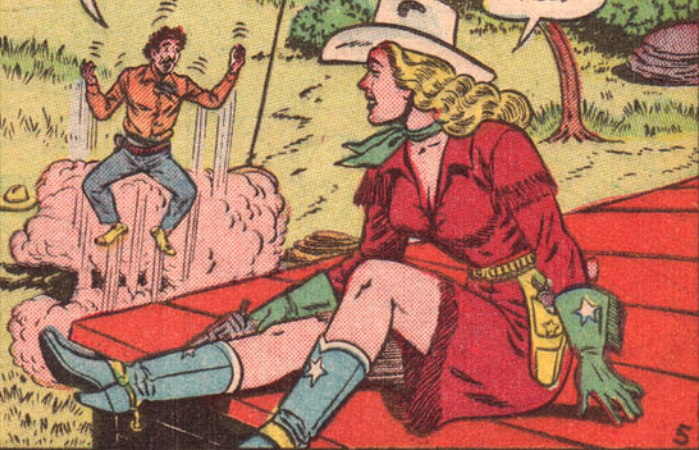


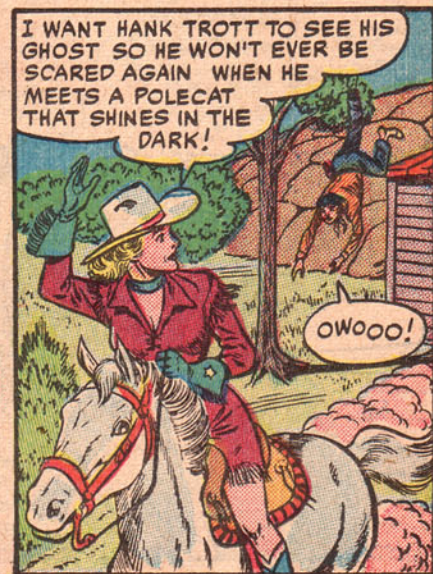
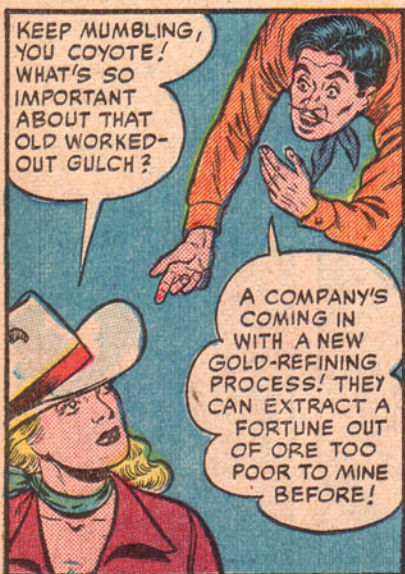
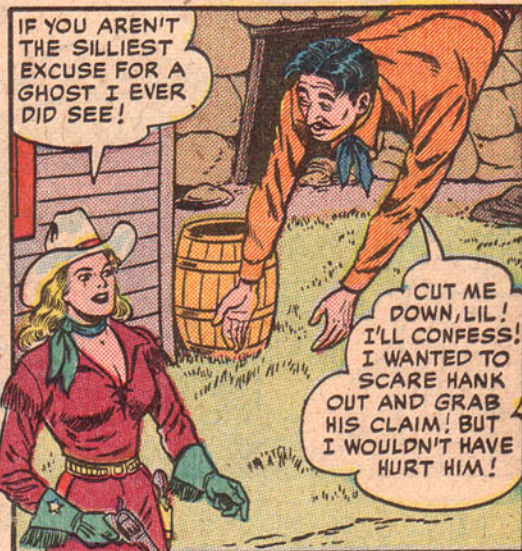
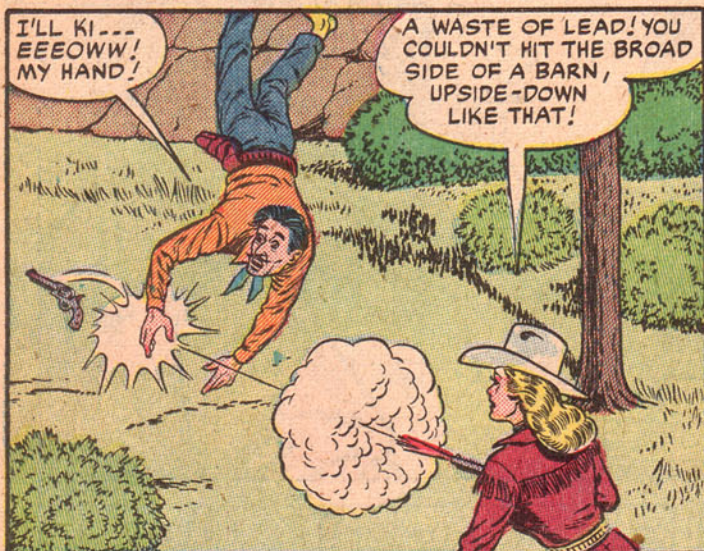
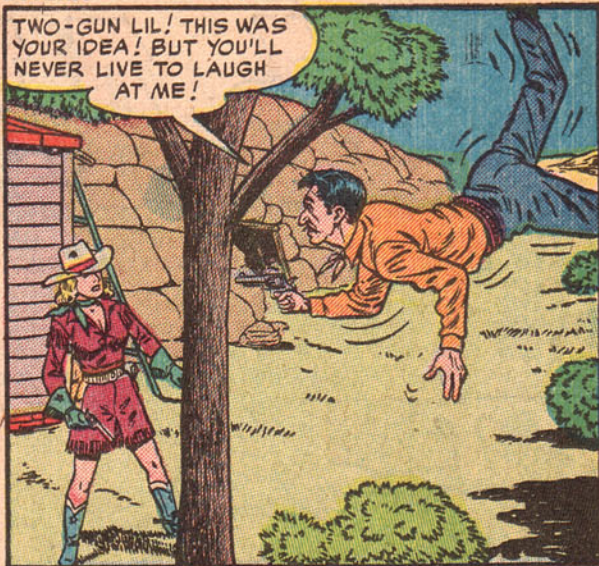
DID YOUUUUU HEAR ME, HANK? I'M COMIIINGGG... EEEEEOWWW! MY FEET!



YIIIII! OWOOO! HALP!

WELL, NOW, I RECKON THAT FIVE POUNDS OF CARPET TACKS I STREWED AROUND OUT THERE WASN'T SUCH A WASTE AFTER ALL!

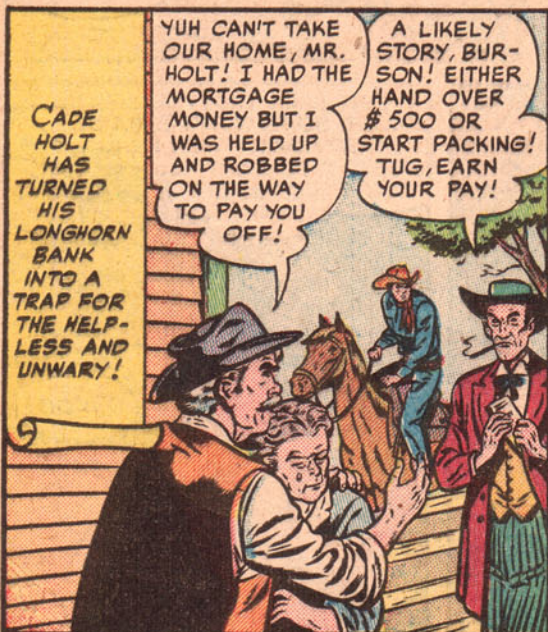
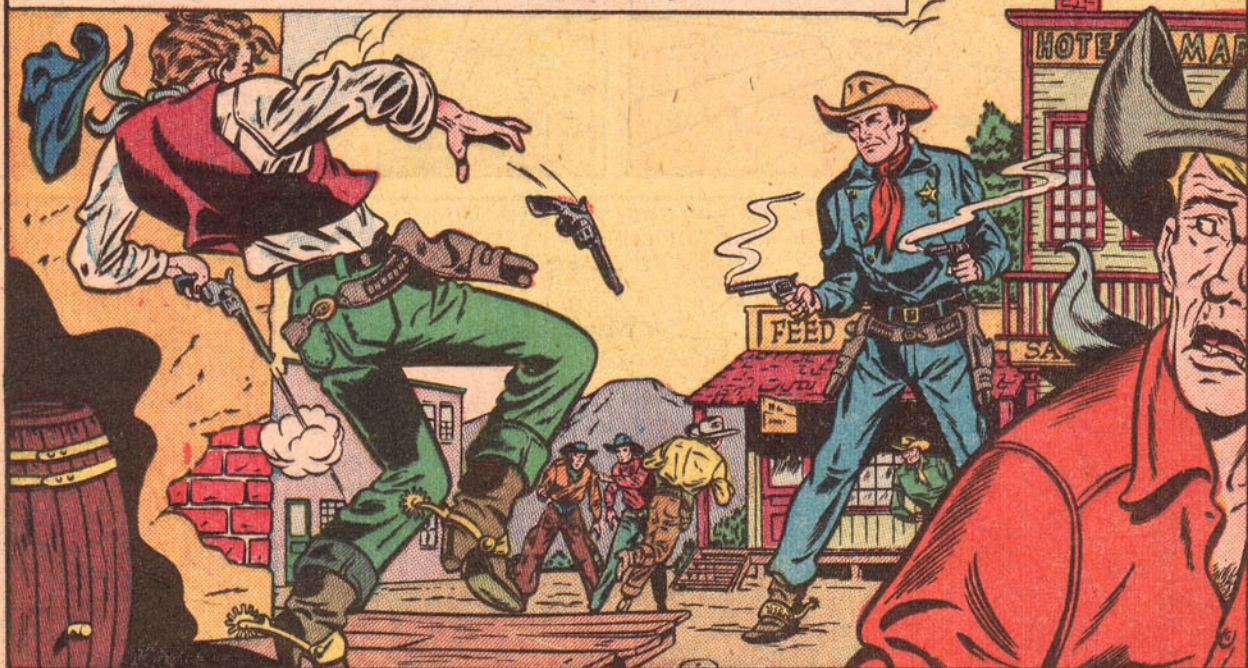


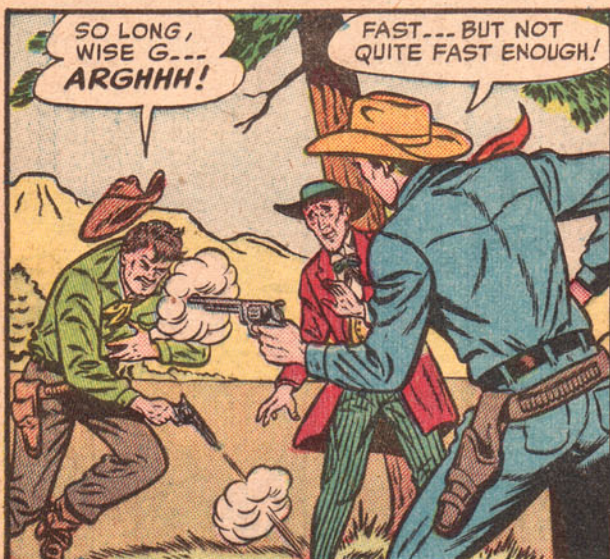
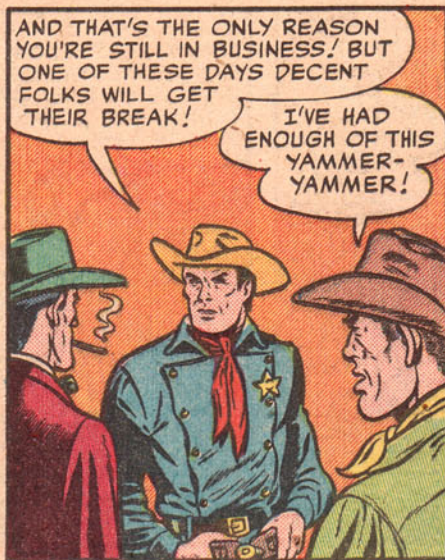
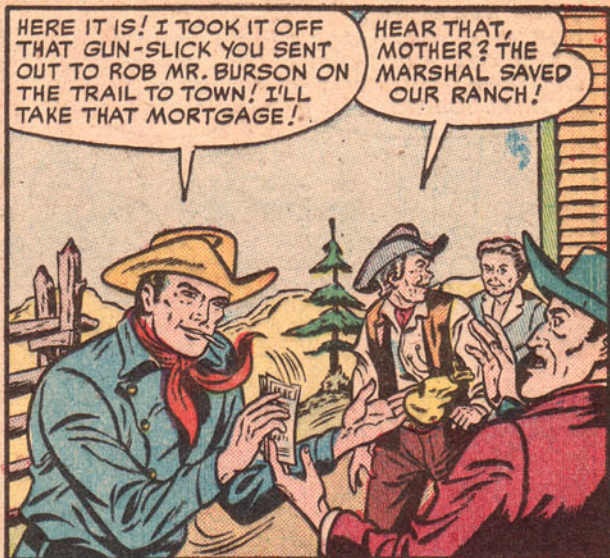
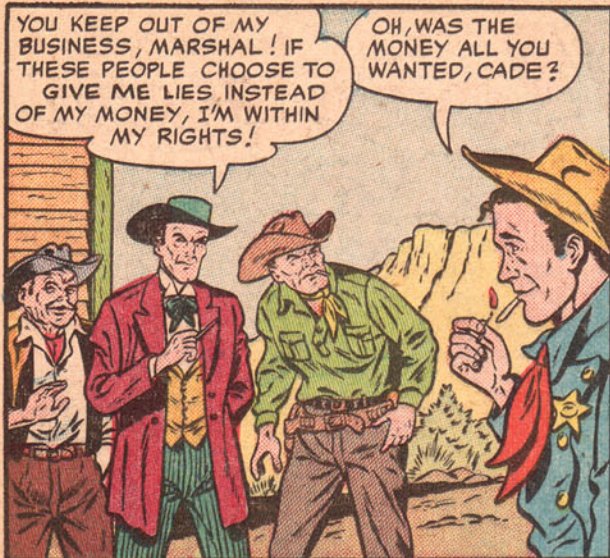


Bob Allen

Frontier
Marshal

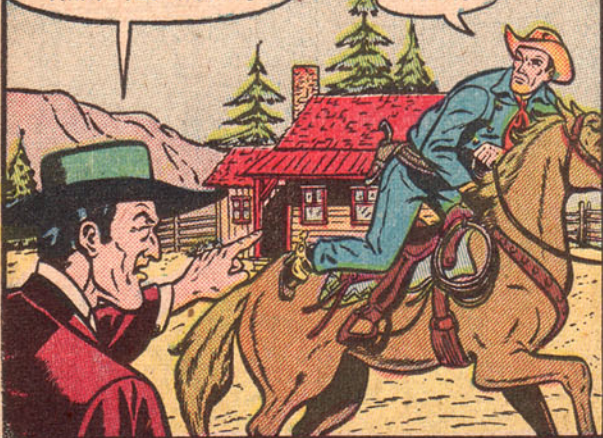
MARSHAL BOB ALLEN IS FAST ENOUGH WITH HIS BLAZING SIX-GUNS TO RULE A HARD AND VIOLENT FRONTIER TOWN--- THOUGH HE PREFERS COLD NERVE TO HOT LEAD IN SETTLING DISPUTES! BUT THERE COMES A TIME IN THE PRECARIOUS LIFE OF EVERY LAWMAN WHEN LIFE HANGS ON THE FLIP OF A GUN-HAMMER! SUCH A TIME CAME TO BOB ALLEN WHEN HIS ENEMIES IMPORTED A KILLER---
"THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST!"





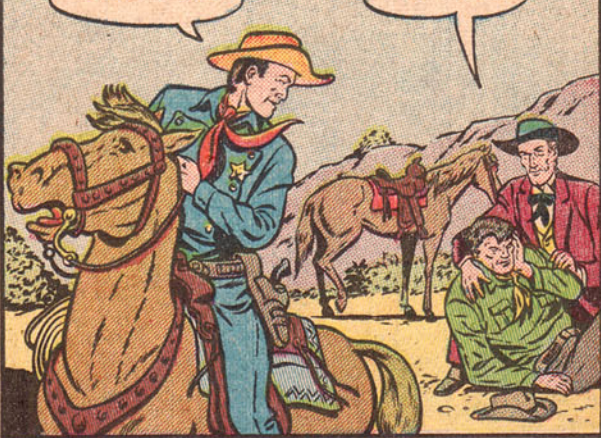
THERE ARE FASTER MEN THAN YOU, MARSHAL! YOU'LL GET YOURS ONE OF THESE DAYS! DON'T THINK YOU WON'T!

COULD BE, CADE! I'M ONLY SORRY YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!



I TRY MY BEST TO DODGE GUN-SLINGING... BUT IN YOUR CASE, CADE, I'D BE HAPPY TO MAKE AN EXCEPTION!

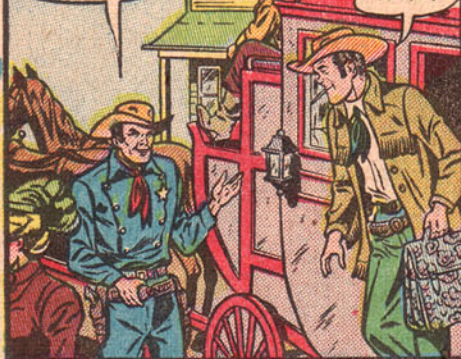
YOU'RE GOING TO FACE SOME GUN-SLINGING YOU **CAN'T** DODGE! I'LL SEE TO THAT!



A FEW WEEKS LATER, AS USUAL, MARSHAL ALLEN MET THE DAILY STAGE TO LOOK OVER THE VISITORS!

HOWDY, STRANGER! I'M MARSHAL BOB ALLEN! IF YUH NEED ANY-THING, MY OFFICE IS JUST OVER THE WAY!

MARSHAL ALLEN, EH? GLAD TO KNOW YUH, MAR-SHAL! I'M RANDY SWIFT! I'LL LOOK YUH UP IN GOOD TIME!



RANDY SWIFT! RANDY SWIFT! NOW DAWGGONE, WHERE HAVE I RUN INTO THAT NAME BEFORE?



RANDY SWIFT! HE ISN'T ON ONE OF THESE **WANTED** BILLS, BUT HE'S A GUN-HAWK FOR SURE! I WISH I COULD REMEMBER THAT NAME...



CURIOSITY'S A POWERFUL THING! I'M NOT GOING TO REST UNTIL I PLACE THAT BUZZARD! GUESS I'LL DROP IN ON MY BOSOM PAL, CADE!



HOWDY, MARSHAL ALLEN! I'M GLAD YUH DROPPED IN!

YOU **ARE**? YUH SHORE YOU'RE FEELIN' ALL RIGHT, CADE?



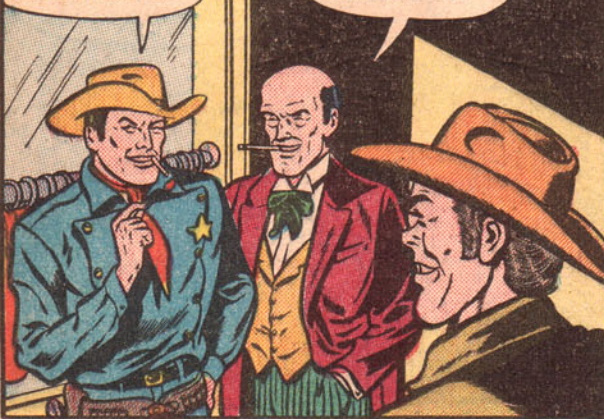
NEVER FELT BETTER! MARSHAL, MEET RANDY SWIFT, MY NEW...ER... BANK GUARD!

WE MET AT THE STAGE STATION! HOWDY AGAIN, RANDY! **WAIT A MINUTE! NOW** I GOT YUH PLACED!



YOU'RE THE GUN-HAND THEY HIRED TO CLEAN UP BOOM CITY AND POISONVILLE LAST YEAR! NOW I REMEMBER!

YOU HIT IT, MARSHAL! RANDY'S THE MAN THEY TAG "THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST!" HE COMES HIGH, BUT HE'S WORTH IT!



SHOW HIM THE FANCY SIX-GUNS YUH WON BY OUT-SHOOTING BAT MASTERSON AND WYATT EARP AT DODGE CITY, RANDY!

SHORE, CADE! CAN YUH READ WHAT THEY ENGRAVED? IT SAYS I'M THE FASTEST GUN-THROWER IN THE COUNTRY--- AND BAT SIGNED IT!



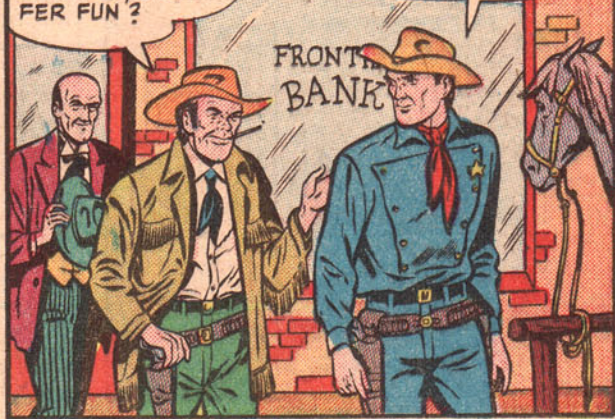
THAT'S A BIG REPUTATION FER A MAN TO LUG AROUND! WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT THE BRAWLING TYPE, SWIFT!

NO, SIR! WHEN I'M HIRED TO DO A JOB, I DO IT, I DO IT NEAT AND QUIET AND DRIFT ALONG! I'M NO TROUBLE-HUNTER--- JUST A BUSINESS MAN!



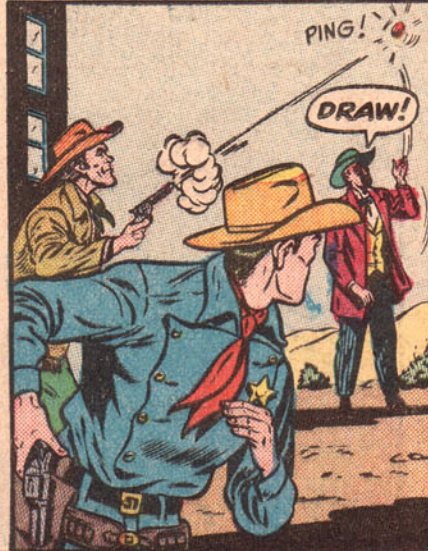
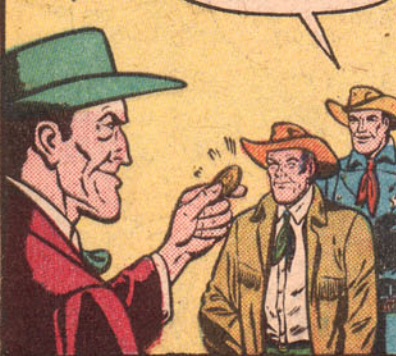
I HEAR TELL YOU AIN'T EXACTLY MUD-SLOW YOURSELF, MARSHAL! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE CONTEST, JEST FER FUN?

WHY, I FEEL A MITE FOOLISH GOIN' AGIN' A PROFESSIONAL LIKE YOU, BUT I'M AGREEABLE! TOSS A DOLLAR, CADE?



READY, GENTS? I'LL SPIN IT AND YOU HIT IT... IF YOU CAN!

GO AHEAD, CADE--- BUT THE IDEA OF YOU THROWIN' AWAY A DOLLAR SORT OF HAS ME IN A TWITTER!



YOU'RE FAST, MARSHAL, BUT I'M JUST THAT EDGE FASTER!

YEP! CONGRATULATIONS, SWIFT! I'LL SEE YUH AROUND, GENTS! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY MARSHALIN!!



That EVENING---

MARSHAL ALLEN, YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF TOWN! CADE'S BRAGGING ALL OVER TOWN HOW HE IMPORTED THAT GUN-HAWK TO KILL YOU!

THANKS, GENTS, BUT YOU KNOW THIS TOWN'D GO TO POT IF I LEFT IT ALONE!



ARE YOU LOCOED? SWIFT IS THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST! WHEN HE'S READY, HE'LL CROWD YOU AND KILL YOU!

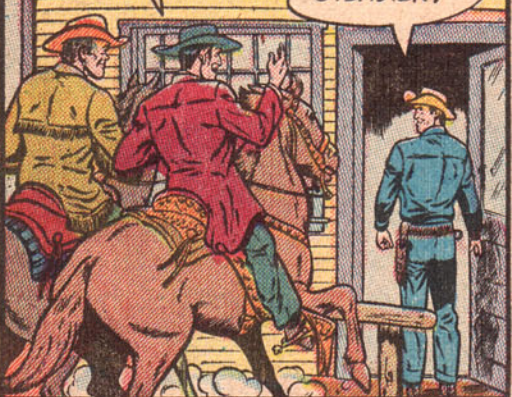
I RECKON THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA! BUT DYIN'S A THING WE GOT TO FACE, SOONER OR LATER! A MAN CAN TAKE IT GRACEFUL OR AWKWARD!



THE NEXT MORNING---

'MORNING, MARSHAL! DID YUH SLEEP WELL LAST NIGHT?

MORNING, CADE, SWIFT! I SHORE DID! HATE TO DISAPPOINT YUH, BUT A BABY NEVER SNORED STEADIER!

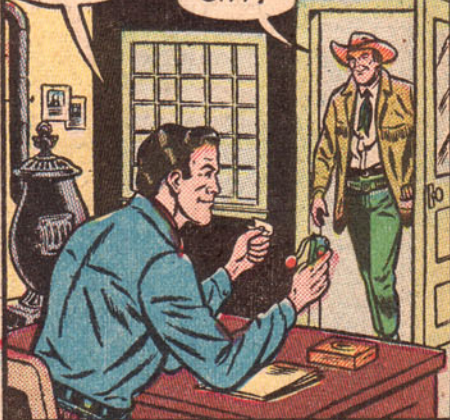


THAT CADE HOLT'S SURE GOT A WEASLY DISPOSITION! HE AIMS TO DRAG THIS THING OUT SO'S HE CAN WATCH ME SQUIRM AND WORRY!



HOWDY, SWIFT! LIGHT AND SMOKE! MAKIN'S?

DON'T MIND IF I DO, MARSHAL! NICE LITTLE OFFICE YUH GOT HERE! REMINDS ME OF MINE WHEN I WAS IN BOOM CITY!



MARSHAL, I RECKON YOU KNOW WHAT THE SCORE IS ON THIS DEAL!

RECKON I DO, SWIFT! IT AIN'T EXACTLY **OBSCURE**, AS THE BOOKS SAY IT!



I JEST WANTED TO SAY IT'S NOTHIN' PERSONAL! I LIKE YUH, MARSHAL! YUH'D DO TO RIDE WITH, BUT I NEVER BACK DOWN ON A JOB!

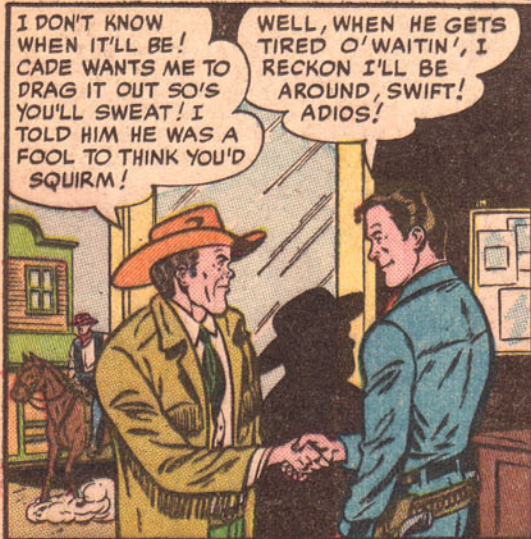
THANKS, SWIFT! I SORTA ADMIRE A MAN WITH PRINCIPALS, MYSELF!



CADE SAYS TO TELL YUH IT WON'T DO NO GOOD TO GUN HIM OUT FIRST! HE PAID ME IN ADVANCE, SO I'D HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT ANY HOW!

I MUST BE GETTIN' OLD, SWIFT! I NEVER EVEN THOUGHT O' THAT! BUT I'M OBLIGED FOR THE VISIT!





I DON'T KNOW WHEN IT'LL BE! CADE WANTS ME TO DRAG IT OUT SO'S YOU'LL SWEAT! I TOLD HIM HE WAS A FOOL TO THINK YOU'D SQUIRM!

WELL, WHEN HE GETS TIRED O' WAITIN', I RECKON I'LL BE AROUND, SWIFT! ADIOS!



WHAT TH...?



DURN, LOCOED IDJIT!

WHA...?



BURSON, YOU FOOL! IF YOU'D BUSHWACKED THAT FELLER LIKE YOU AIMED, I'D HAVE HAD TO SEE YOU HANGED!

BUT HE'S GOING TO KILL YOU WITHOUT A CHANCE, MARSHAL BOB --- AND YOU SAVED OUR RANCH! I CAN'T LET HIM KILL YOU!



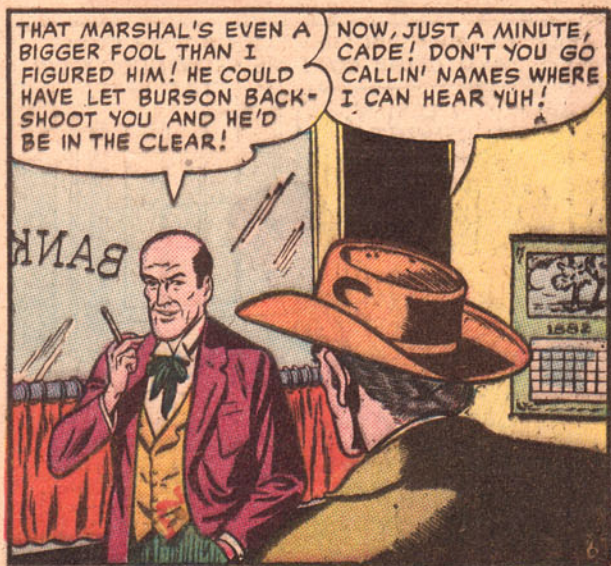
YOU GIT, NOW! GO ON HOME AND TAKE CARE OF THAT RANCH! LET ME HANDLE MY PROBLEMS BY MYSELF!

THANKS, MARSHAL! I GUESS IF YOU HADN'T BEEN FAST, I'D HAVE BEEN A MIGHTY UNPLEASANT CORPSE OUT THERE IN THE DUST!



I'D FEEL MUCH BETTER IF YOU HAD HALF A CHANCE! LET ME PUT THIS OFF A WEEK OR TWO AND YOU GO PRACTISE THAT DRAW SOME MORE!

THANKS, SWIFT, BUT IT WOULDN'T DO NO GOOD! I RECKON I'VE GOT ABOUT ALL THE SPEED RIGHT NOW I'M EVER GOING TO HAVE!



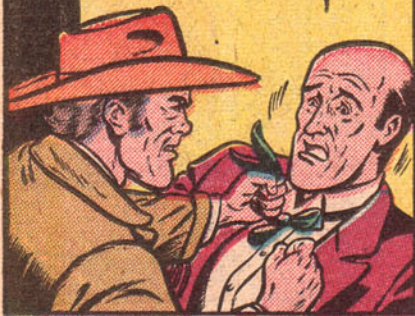
THAT MARSHAL'S EVEN A BIGGER FOOL THAN I FIGURED HIM! HE COULD HAVE LET BURSON BACK-SHOOT YOU AND HE'D BE IN THE CLEAR!

NOW, JUST A MINUTE, CADE! DON'T YOU GO CALLIN' NAMES WHERE I CAN HEAR YUH!

CRACK WESTERN

YUH HIRED ME FOR A KILLING
AND I DON'T RENIG ON JOBS!
BUT IF YOU SAY ONE WORD
AGIN' MARSHAL ALLEN, I'LL
DO ANOTHER JOB
FOR FREE!

UG! T-TAKE
YORE HANDS
OFF ME---



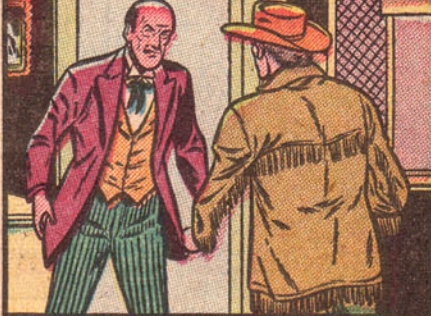
JEST REMEMBER THAT! I
TOOK YORE PAY...BUT
MARSHAL BOB ALLEN'S
TEN TIMES THE GENT YOU'D
BE IF YOU WERE
TWIN'S!

P-PUT THAT GUN
AWAY, YOU F-FOOL!
I CAN'T FIGURE
YOU OUT!



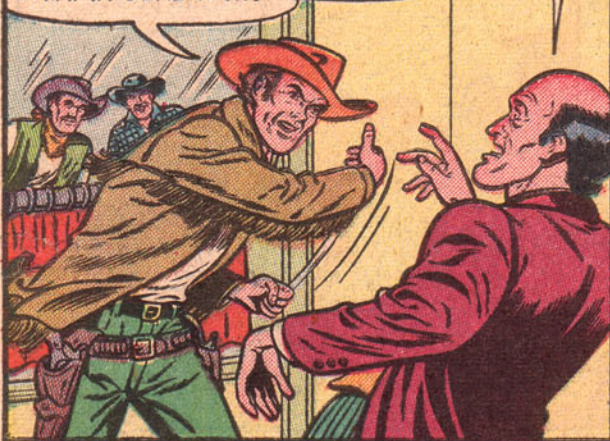
IF YOU'RE SO
FOND O'THAT
POLECAT,
WHY DON'T
YUH LIGHT
OUT?

BECAUSE I TOOK A
JOB AND I NEVER
BACK DOWN! BUT
YOU WOULDN'T UNDER-
STAND ANYTHING THAT
CONCERNED BEIN'
HONEST!



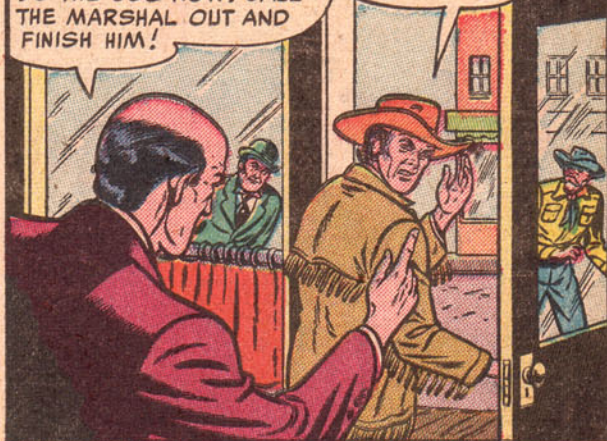
GET OUTA MY SIGHT! YOU MAKE ME
SICK O' MY OWN HANDS! THIS IS
THE LAST GUN-JOB I'LL EVER
TAKE! I CAN'T STAND THE SNAKES
I HAFTA DEAL WITH!

WHY,
YOU...!



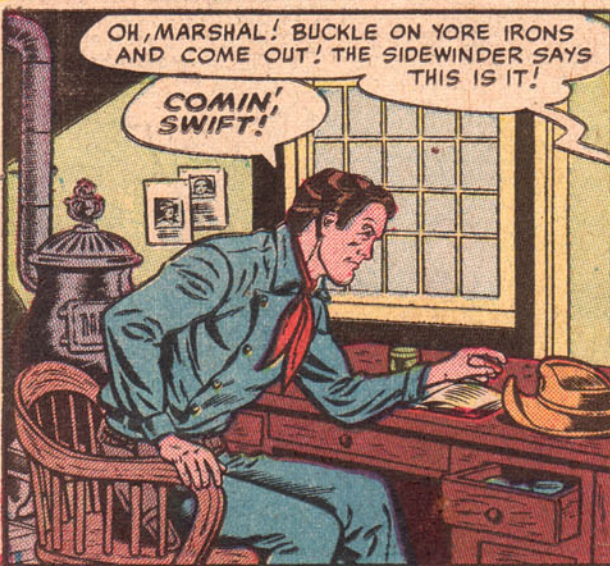
WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE
CHANGED MY MIND
ABOUT WAITING! IF
YOU'RE SO UPSTANDING,
DO THE JOB NOW! CALL
THE MARSHAL OUT AND
FINISH HIM!

IT'S YORE MONEY! I'M
READY ANYTIME!
STAND CLEAR---
POLECAT!



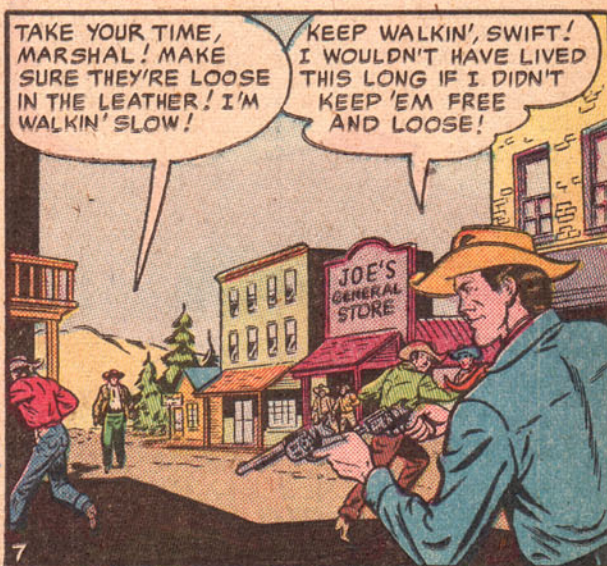
OH, MARSHAL! BUCKLE ON YORE IRONS
AND COME OUT! THE SIDEWINDER SAYS
THIS IS IT!

COMIN'
SWIFT!

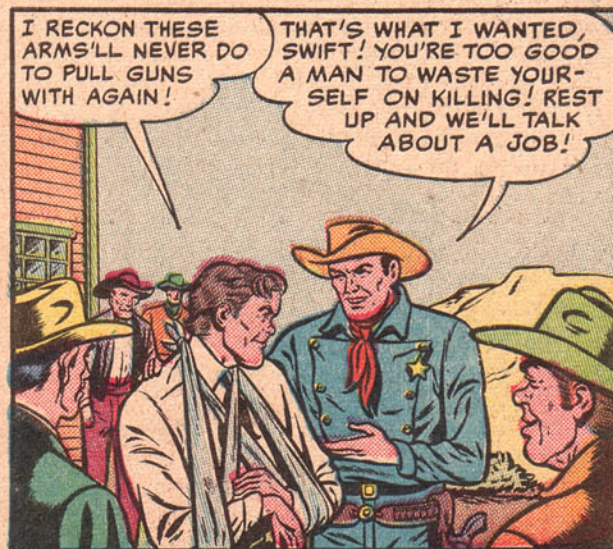
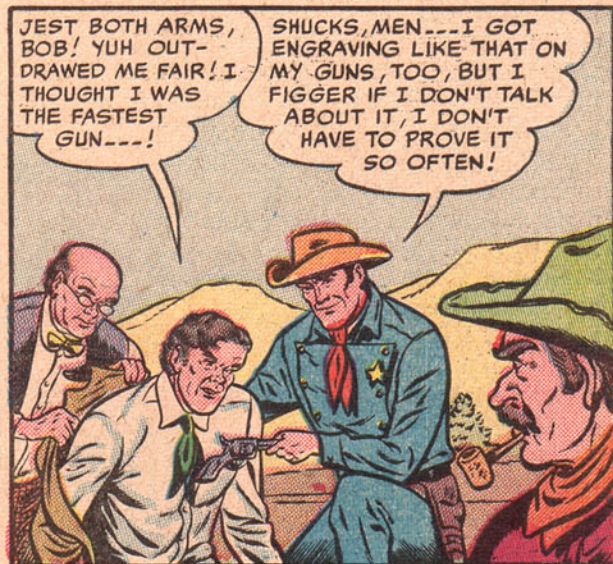
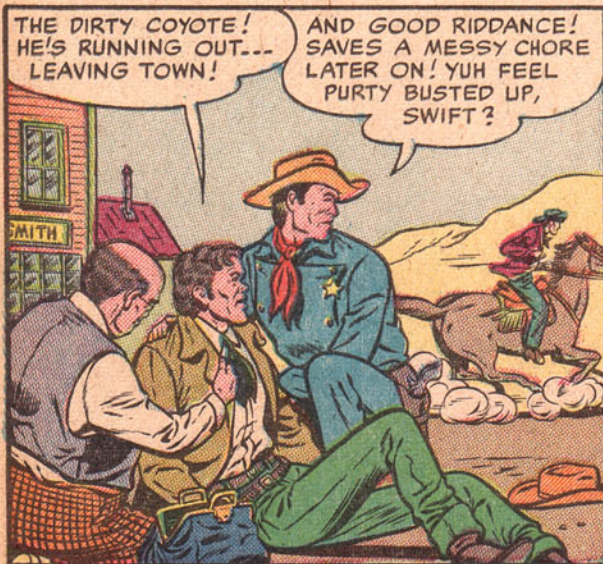
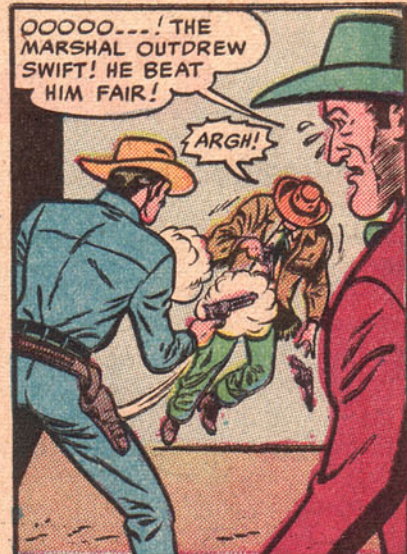
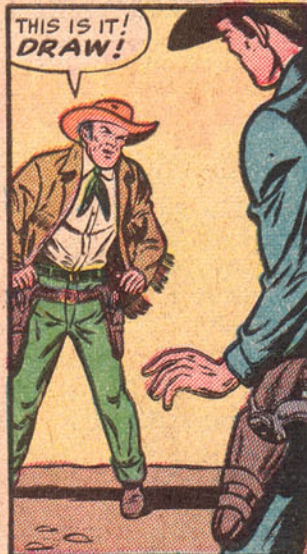
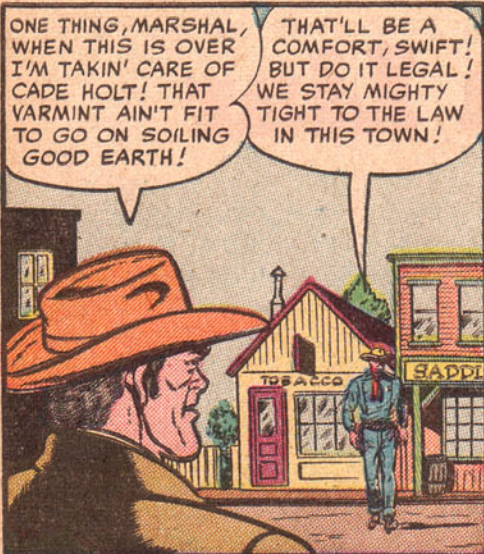


TAKE YOUR TIME,
MARSHAL! MAKE
SURE THEY'RE LOOSE
IN THE LEATHER! I'M
WALKIN' SLOW!

KEEP WALKIN', SWIFT!
I WOULDN'T HAVE LIVED
THIS LONG IF I DIDN'T
KEEP 'EM FREE
AND LOOSE!



CRACK WESTERN



Champion Liar

SOMEWHERE off at one end of the big rodeo arena the starter called: "Throw!" and a row of helpers began hurling little clay saucers into the air. They went sailing up like so many pigeons, whizzing against the deep blue of the Western sky.

In mid-arena Two-Gun Lil Peters stood quietly, her hands relaxed at her sides, and watched the clay discs soar. Not until they were nearing the top of their flight did she move. Then her slim hands flashed down and up. The twin six-guns in their oiled holster seemed to fly up as if by magic. The guns slammed, first one and then the other, in a succession of shots so closely blended that they sounded to the crowd like one steady roll of gunfire. But with each individual explosion, one of the clay discs jerked in the air and then vanished in a puff of brownish dust.

All but one disc. A sea of faces turned in unison, watching that lone disc pass its peak of flight and come sailing back toward the ground. And then, at the last possible moment, Lil's left-hand gun tilted and barked and the last disc was gone. Then a great sighing "Ahhhh!" of relief burst from the crowd and swelled into a roaring thunder of acclaim.

"The winner of the pistol shoot," roared the starter through his megaphone, "is Miss Lil Peters—our own Two-Gun Lil!" And at the announcement, the crowd went wild.

They were still crowding around to congratulate her when Lil broke away at last and slipped out through the empty bucking chute gate into the corral beyond. Two or three bearded old-timers who had been leaning against the saddle shed suddenly turned away and began moving quietly toward the gate.

"Oh, no you don't," Lil said sharply, catching up to them. "You're not walking out on your deal, you old fakers."

"Aw, now Lil," old Charley Branton growled sheepishly. "We wasn't aiming to walk out no-how. We jest didn't see you."

"Ha," Lil said. "Don't give me that. You agreed if I won in the main contests against men, I could enter the Liars Contest, too."

"Now, Lil," Burt Whaley said. "Look, I'll grant yuh you kin ride and rope and shoot with the best of them, but lyin' is a man's game. Oh, shore, you gals can tell a few little feeble

fibbs now an' then. But when it comes to real, shore-nuff, bang-up whopper-telling, you don't stand a chance. Why don't yuh just take your honors and leave us old-timers have our own fun."

"Scaredy-cat," Lil snorted. "You know darn well you old fakers are afraid I'll beat you at your best game. I've spent all my life listening to you old-timers sit around telling about how wild the West used to be in your day, and how tough you were. Just because you spend the whole year practising on young folks doesn't make you champions. Lead on, you old frauds."

Growling under their breaths, the old-timers sourly led the way to a big pavilion tent with a huge banner announcing: OLD WEST LIAR'S CONTEST! PRIZES FOR THE BIGGEST LIES!

Lil grinned to herself. She knew what was griping the old boys. It irritated them to find that a slip of a girl could do a man's job as well or better than rugged men. So this Liar's Contest was a sort of refuge for them. Here they could spread their imaginations and yarns to their heart's content, and if each one outdid the other, it was all in fun.

It wasn't that Lil wanted to show them up. But she had been needled and razzed by these same old-timers so often that she had determined somehow to get revenge for this one occasion. So she followed them into the crowded tent and took her place in the rows reserved for the contestants.

Old Jimmy Wheeler plodded to the platform. He stroked his whiskers, shifted his enormous cud and began. "Wall, folks, I want to tell yuh about the big snow we had back in the mountings when I was a young feller. It took in to snow and it snowed fer two solid weeks—not reg'lar snow but heavy snow like yuh never seed before. When it was over, the snow was twenty-thutty feet deep on the level.

"Wall, come clear skies again, I tunnelled muh way up from the cabin I was stayin' in and started town-ward for grub. I hike and I hike over thet level snow. And do yuh know whar I ended up? In Californy! The snow was so deep it plumb covered the Rocky Mountains and I walked right over 'em and never knowed they was there."

A gust of cheers and laughter swept the

crowd. Then the judges called the 'name of Charley Walker. Old Charley limped to the platform. "Friends, I don't reckon many of you are old enough to remember that big old sorrel mare I used to ride in my younger days. Well, that mare was perhaps the strongest hoss on earth. Time I want to tell yuh about, we was brush-poppin' down Texas-way, hazing them ornery longhorn steers outa the brush and brambles fer a trail drive up to Abilene.

"Well, this partic'ler day I latched onto a ornery mossy-horn and chased him fer nigh onto three hours. Finally he dug into a big old rain-wash gulley atween two hills and hunkered down there, darin' me and my sorrel hoss to come in after him. I knowed right well if'n I rode in there, he'd come a-rarin' out and stick one of them horns clean through me or my hoss. So I sat there and I figgered and I figgered and finally I got me a idee . . .

"I tuck my lasso and built me a wide loop and then I hollered loud-likke, 'Snakes!' Well sir, that mossy-horn couldn't abide the thought of snakes so he rared his head up. And the minute I see the sun flash on them horns, I let fly with my rope. I felt her snag tight and I dallyed the end around my saddle horn and I told my sorrel hoss to pull. So he dug in his hoofs and he pulled, and he pulled.

"We kept inchin' ahead, a little at a time, and I tells myself I'm dragging that mossy-horn out of his hiding place sure as shooting. Well, finally I looked back. And folks, I want to tell yuh, I got a shock. Yuh know what? I'd missed that dern steer and snagged my rope around a rock. And what do yuh think my hoss was doin'? He was pulling the whole dern Texas flatland right up on edge. And that, folks, is how come they is a range of mountains right smack dab down the west side of Texas."

The cheers and hoots were thunderous as Charley took his seat. He grinned proudly and gnawed off an enormous chew of tobacco while the judges, up on the platform, exchanged grins and made mysterious marks on their score-pads. Charley had established quite a mark for any ordinary liars to shoot at.

The announcer lifted his megaphone. "We'll now hear from our good friend and neighbor, Sam Spears. Come up, Sam, and do yore derndest."

Sam swaggered up, cuffed his worn Stetson over on one side and planted his feet. "Yuh know, friends, I got a feelin' some of my friends was stretchin' the truth jest a mite when they recounted their adventures. Now what I'm aimin'

to tell yuh now is as true as anythin' yuh've heard here today. It was like this . . .

"There was a hard winter on the range, back in '57, and first thing we knowed we was losin' cattle right and left to the bears. Not little-bitty cinnamon bears, mind yuh, but great big old grizzlies, bigger'n any bears we got nowadays. Why, I mind one I saw was twelve feet high and weighed, at a guess, nigh onto two tons. But we never harmed him. We figgered a man oughtn't to kill off cubs when we was aiming to get the big ones. So, like I say, we let that'n go and I took my old Savage rifle and started out to kill bears.

"Well, I knocked off three-four moderate sized ones in the morning but I was aiming at the really big boys. And come afternoon, there I was plumb in the midst of a bunch of the biggest bears I ever see in my life. How come I saw 'em first, I heard a steer bawling and I crept forward. There was this bear, holding a steer up in one paw and a moose in the other, and he was trying to decide which one to eat first. Well, I let drive with my old Savage and got him squar' atween the eyes and down he tumbled.

"Right away I seen my mistake, because here come three more bustin' outa the bushes, and all bigger than him. Well, I set me down to shoot and then I seen my fatal error. I had jest one bullet left. And that and my huntin' knife was all the pertection I could depend on. So what did I do? I stuck my huntin' knife in a stump and then I backed up and shot right at it. Well, the bullet hit the knife, which split it into two pieces. One piece killed one bear and t'other killed t'other bear."

He paused and the crowd roared, "You said three bears. What happened to the third one?"

Sam grinned. "Oh, that one. Well sir, I let him get right on me. Then I rammed my fist down his throat, took a good grip on his insides and hauled him wrong-side out. So naturally, that had him runnin' in the opposite direction and I never did see him again."

Amid the howls and whoops and roars of laughter, the judge bawled, "Last Contestant—Miss Lil Peters."

Two-Gun Lil stood up and made her way to the platform. She eyed the crowd soberly. "Gents," she said at last. "I've got just one thing to say. I believe every word that's been spoken from this platform today."

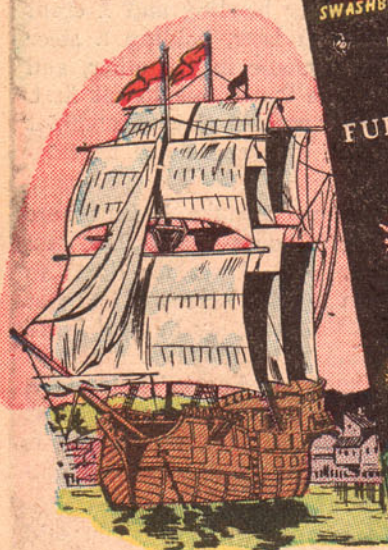
In the stunned silence that followed, the head judge shot to his feet. "That," he bawled, "is the biggest dern lie we ever heard. Lil Peters wins the contest, hands down."

THRILLING SAGAS OF THE SEAS!

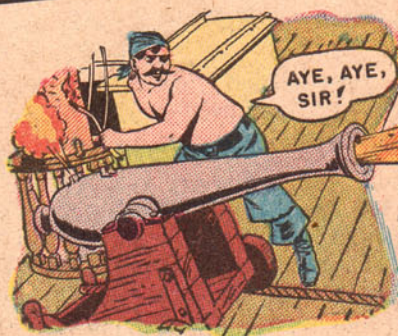
**52 PAGES OF GLAMOUROUS, ROMANTIC STORIES
OF FAST MOVING ADVENTURES ON
THE BOUNDING MAIN!**

5

**COMPLETE
FEATURES!**



**Ahoy there landlubber!
Here are tales that will
take you back to the
glorious days when roving
pirate raiders roamed
the seven seas!**



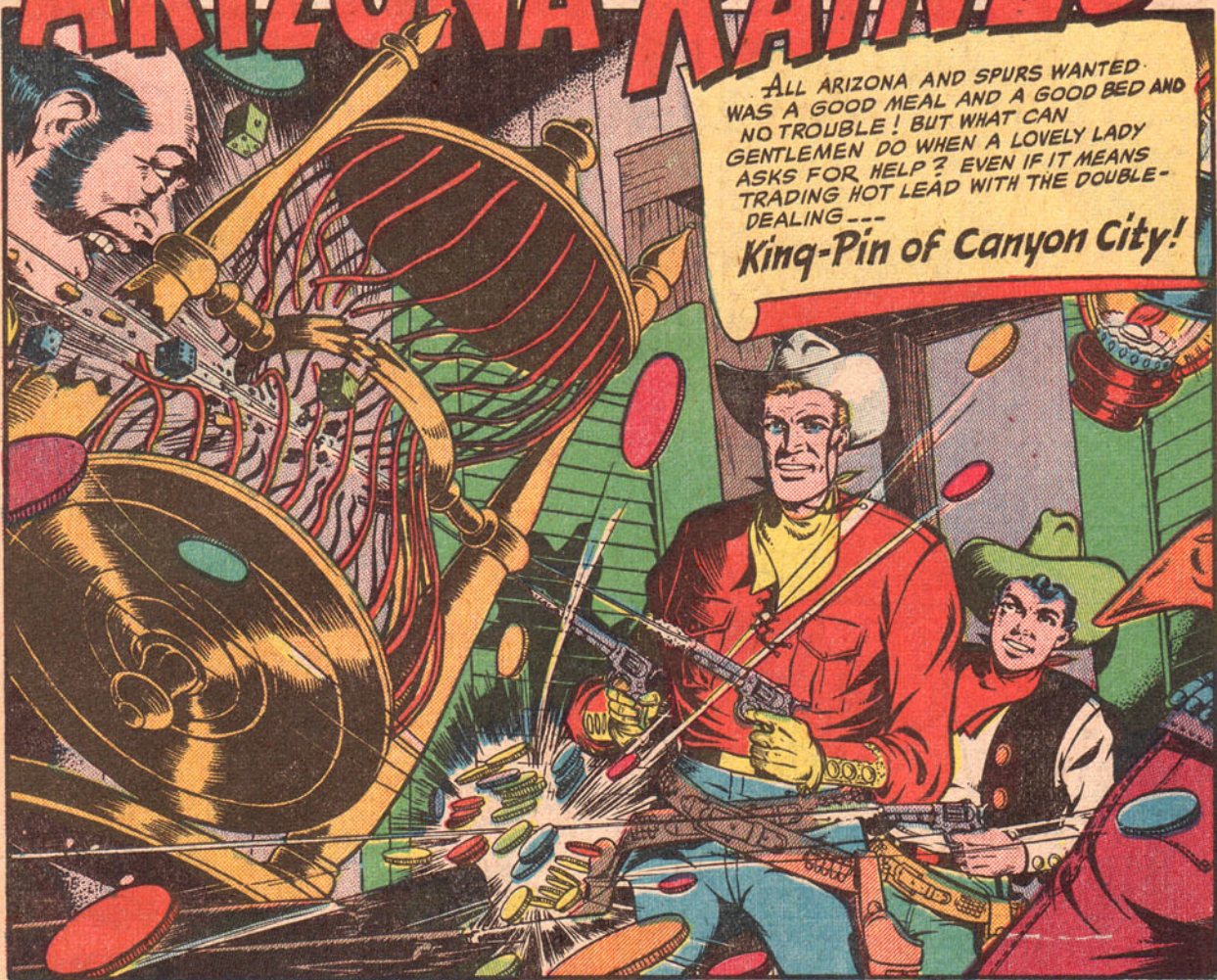
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goes on sale
February 21st!**

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ARIZONA RAINES

ALL ARIZONA AND SPURS WANTED WAS A GOOD MEAL AND A GOOD BED AND NO TROUBLE! BUT WHAT CAN GENTLEMEN DO WHEN A LOVELY LADY ASKS FOR HELP? EVEN IF IT MEANS TRADING HOT LEAD WITH THE DOUBLE-DEALING ---

King-Pin of Canyon City!



ARIZONA AND SPURS HAVE JUST FINISHED A LONG AND WEARYING ROUND-UP JOB---

ALL I WANT IS A GOOD MEAL AND A GOOD BED, SPURS! THE LIVERYMAN SAID MAL HARTZ PUTS OUT THE BEST DINNERS!

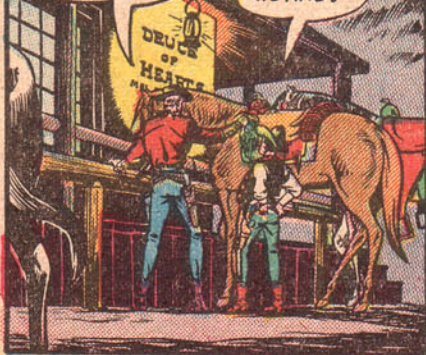
SUITS ME, ARIZONA! FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, I DON'T EVEN WANT ANY EXCITEMENT! I'M PLUMB WORE OUT! HAZING THOSE DURN LONG-HORNS!

EXCUSE ME, BUT WOULD YOU HELP ME?

WHY, RIGHT GLADLY, MA'AM! JEST NAME YORE NEED! ARIZONA RAINES AND SPURS ARE AT YORE SERVICE!

I'M FRAN CARTER! MY YOUNGER BROTHER, DADE, IS IN THERE PLAYING POKER! WOULD... WOULD YOU PLEASE ASK HIM TO COME OUT! I CAN'T GO IN THERE---

NATURALLY NOT, MA'AM! WE'LL BE HAPPY TO SEND YORE BROTHER OUT!



CRACK WESTERN



I RECKON THAT'S DADE OVER THERE! I'LL GIVE HIM THE MESSAGE WHILE YOU ORDER OUR GRUB!



EXCUSE ME, GENTS! IF YOU'RE DADE CARTER, YOUR SISTER WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU OUTSIDE!

TELL MY SISTER TO GO ROPE A GALLOPING GOOSE! I'M BUSY!



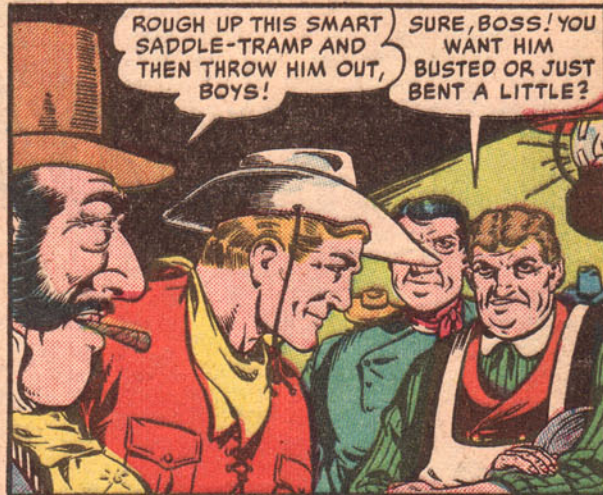
NOW, SON, I CAN'T TELL A NICE YOUNG LADY A THING LIKE THAT---

BEAT IT, HOMBRE! YOU GAVE HIM THE MESSAGE! NOW LIGHT OUT, PRONTO!



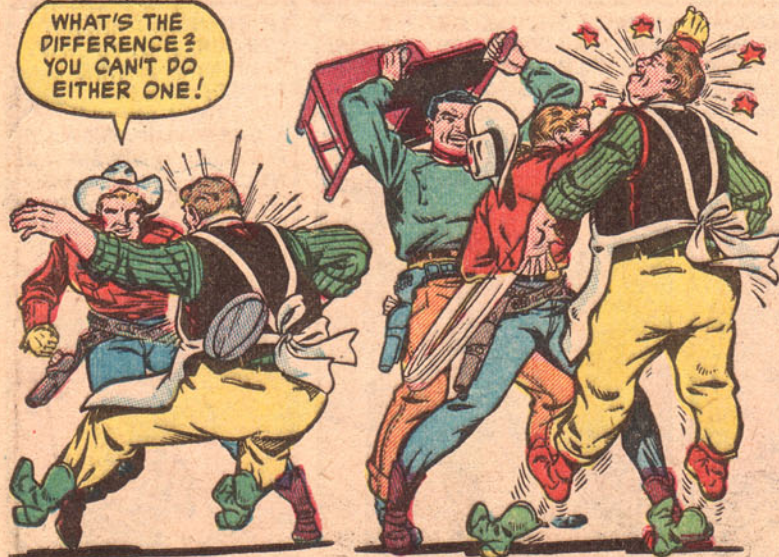
MISTER, I DON'T RECOLLECT INVITING YOU INTO OUR PRIVATE CONVERSATION!

WHY, YOU...! NEVER MIND, KED! THIS IS A JOB FOR BOOTS AND RUSTY!



ROUGH UP THIS SMART SADDLE-TRAMP AND THEN THROW HIM OUT, BOYS!

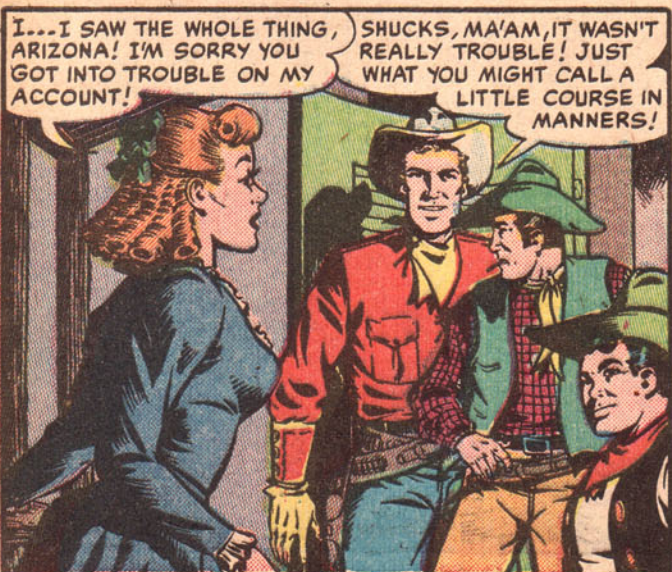
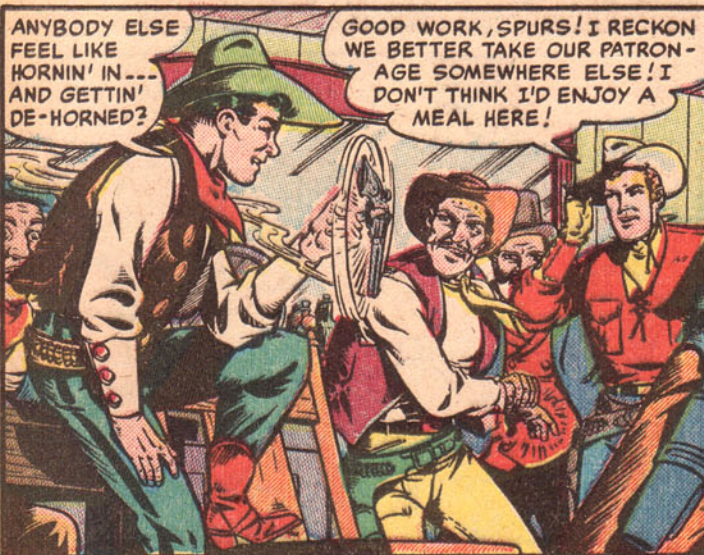
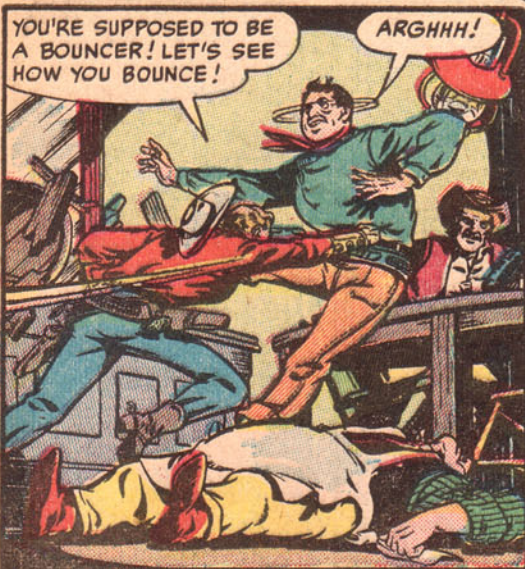
SURE, BOSS! YOU WANT HIM BUSTED OR JUST BENT A LITTLE?



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? YOU CAN'T DO EITHER ONE!

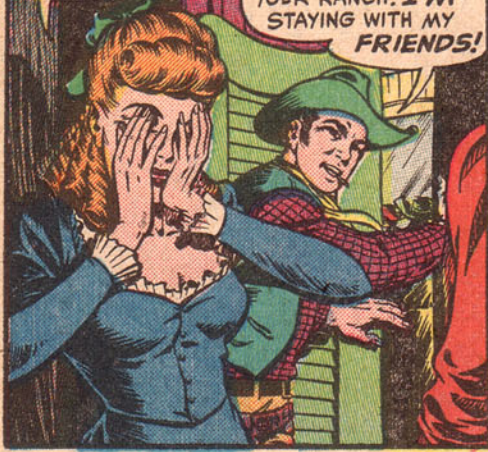


YOUR NAME FITS YOU, MISTER! YOU'RE A LITTLE RUSTY, ALL RIGHT!



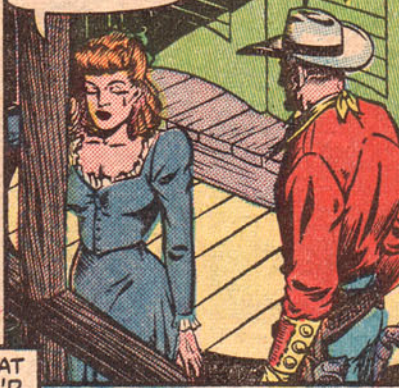
CAN'T YOU SEE IT, DADE? HE'S ONLY PLAYING YOU ALONG TO SUIT HIS PURPOSE!

MAL'S THE BEST FRIEND I'VE GOT! GO ON HOME AND WORK YOUR RANCH! I'M STAYING WITH MY FRIENDS!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! DAD LEFT US SUCH A NICE RANCH! BUT DADE WANTS TO SELL TO MAL HARTZ! MAL HAS HIM FOOLED COMPLETELY!

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE ONLY CURE, MA'AM, WOULD BE TO SHOW YOUR BROTHER JUST WHAT TYPE OF POLECAT HE'S PLAYING WITH!

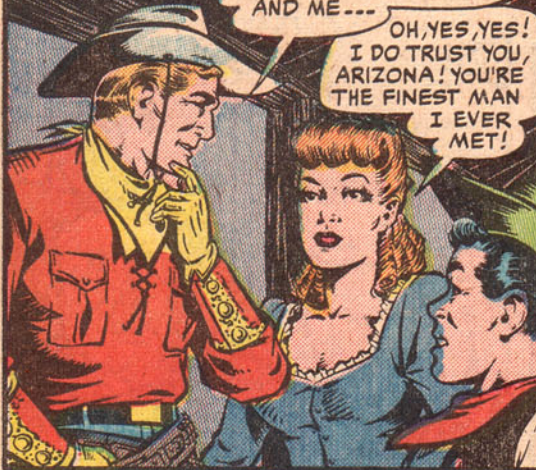


IF ONLY I COULD! BUT MAL LETS HIM WIN AT POKER AND FLATTERS HIM! HE KNOWS I CAN'T RUN THE RANCH ALONE! I'LL HAVE TO SELL IF DADE WON'T HELP ME!



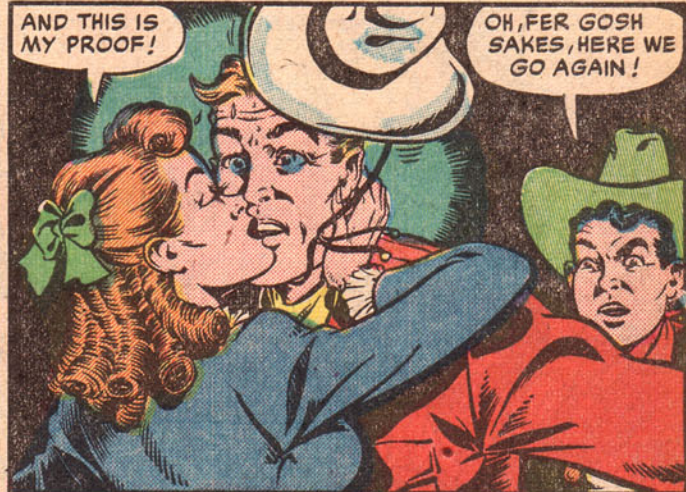
MA'AM, I'M GETTING ME A LITTLE IDEA THAT MIGHT JUST CLEAR THE SITUATION! IF YOU'D CARE TO TRUST SPURS AND ME...

OH, YES, YES! I DO TRUST YOU, ARIZONA! YOU'RE THE FINEST MAN I EVER MET!



AND THIS IS MY PROOF!

OH, FER GOSH SAKES, HERE WE GO AGAIN!



YOU GET DADE CLEARED, ARIZONA, AND THEN I'LL GET YOU CLEARED... AND THEN CAN WE GO GET SOME GRUB AND A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP?



MISS FRAN, WOULD YOU TRUST US ENOUGH TO GIVE US A BILL OF SALE FOR YOUR SHARE OF THE RANCH... AND PRETEND YOU SOLD TO US?

WHY... OF COURSE I WOULD! THAT SHOULD SMOKE OUT MAL HARTZ'S REAL NATURE WHEN HE SEES IT'S NO USE TO PLAY ALONG WITH DADE!

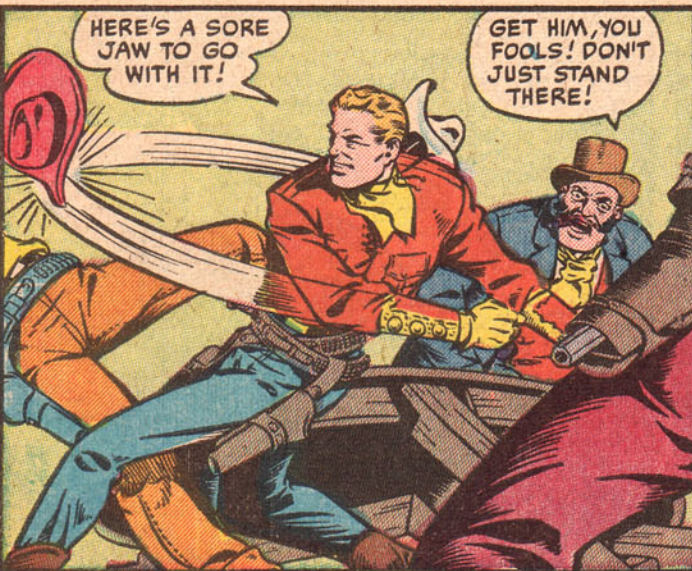
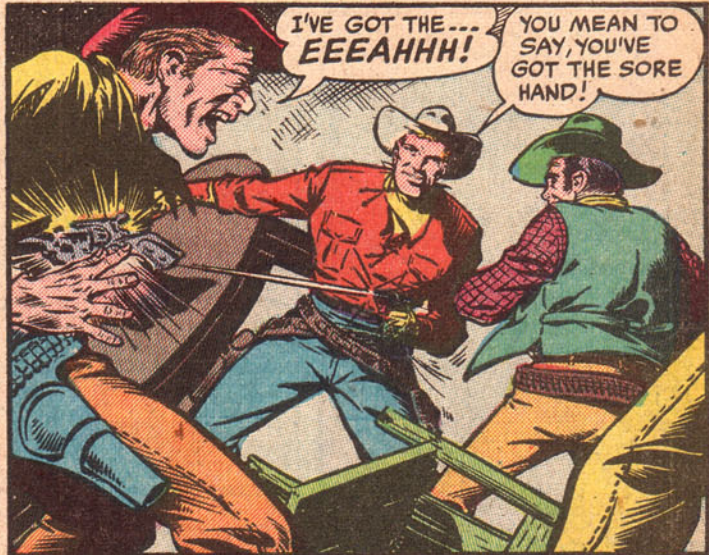
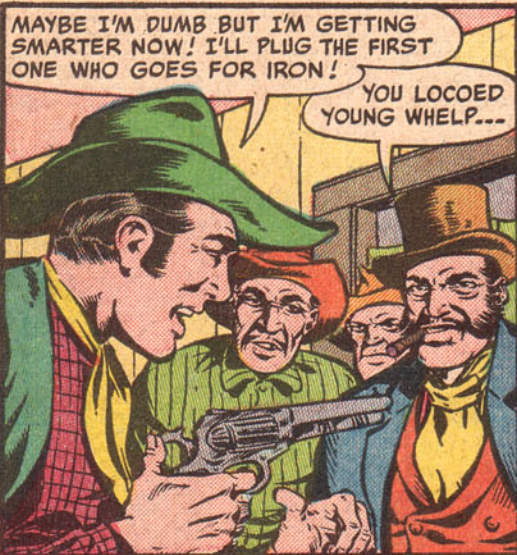
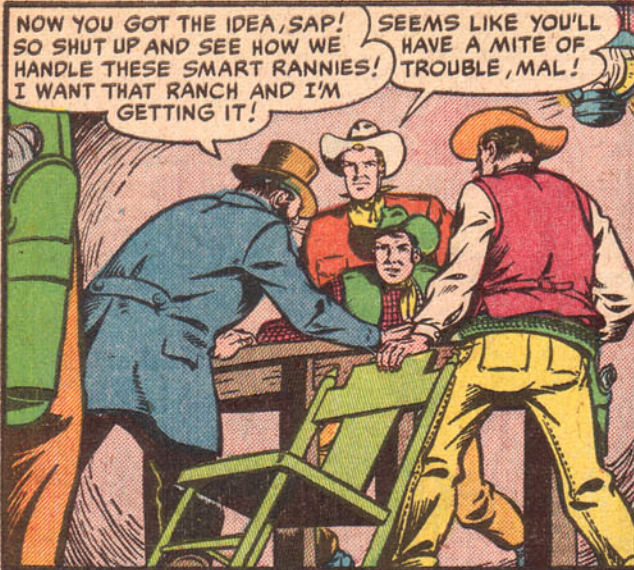


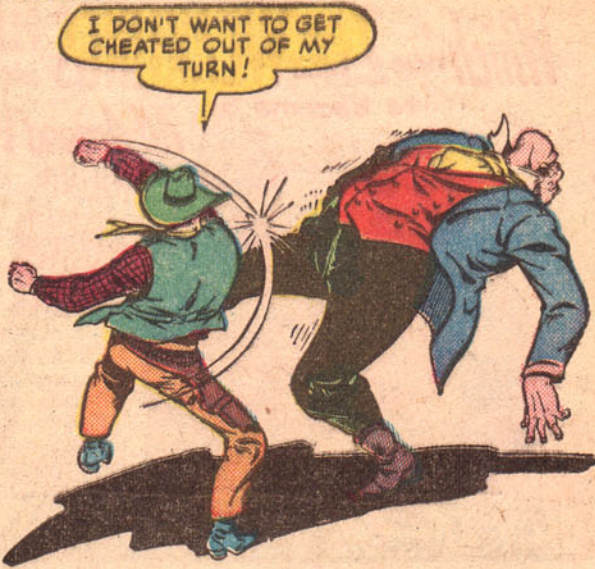
HERE YOU ARE, ARIZONA! BUT ISN'T THAT DANGEROUS?

YES'M! IF MAL HARTZ AND HIS COYOTES ACT THE WAY I FIGGER, THEY'RE PLUMB LIABLE TO GET HURT REAL BAD! IT'S DANGEROUS FOR THEM!

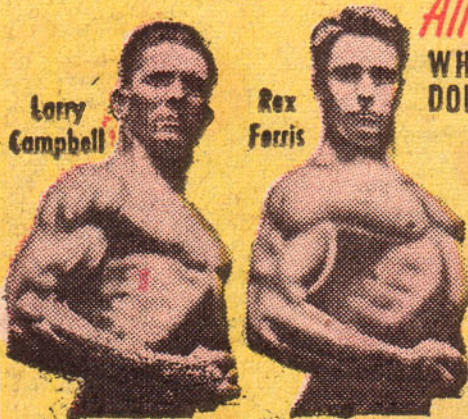








Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents? to become an "All-Around HE-MAN" at Home



WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING get acquainted offer! Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses YOUR LAST CHANCE only 10c Instead of \$1.00 plus FREE MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent— says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders; give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

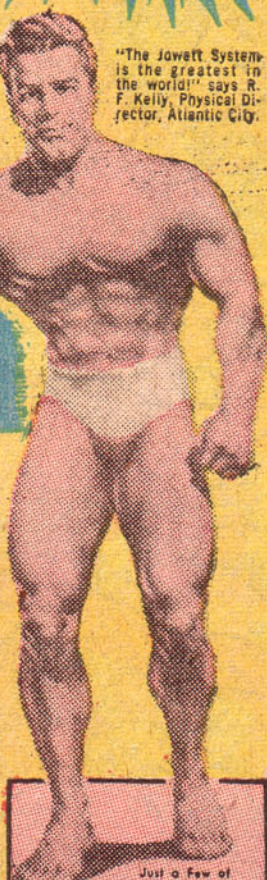
10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

FREE! Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

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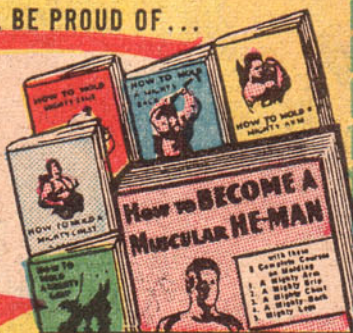


Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions." • World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 • World's weight lifting champion at 19 • Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world • Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body... plus many other world records!

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses. All in 1 great complete volume for only 10c! PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building.



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DEPT. Q-15

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I TRAINED THESE MEN

Chief Engineer, Police Radio
"Soon after finishing the N. R. I. course, worked for servicing shop. Now I am Chief Engineer of WCUN, WNNR, WSPK, two-way FM Police Radio Installations, S.W. DUNWIDDY, Jacksonville, Ill."

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"When I enrolled, had no idea it would be so easy to learn. Have equipped my shop out of spare time earnings. I am clearing about \$40 to \$50 a month. Full credit to N.R.I." J. D. KNIGHT, DeWitt, Texas.

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"Before finishing your course, I earned as much as \$10 a week in Radio servicing, at home in my spare time. I recommend N.R.I. to everyone who shows interest in Radio." S. J. PETRUFF, Miami, Fla.

Get First Job Through N.R.I.
"My first job was operator with KDKA, obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Engineer of Police Radio Station WQOK." T. S. NOR-TON, Hamilton, Ohio.

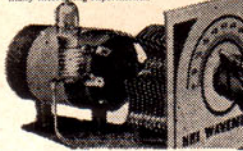


YOU BUILD this modern Radio (above) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N.R.I. gives you ALL the Radio parts... speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while training.

YOU MEASURE current, voltage (AC, DC and RF), resistance and impedance in circuits with Electronic Multimeter (above right) you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedure demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

YOU BUILD this Wave-meter (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine frequency of operation and make other tests on transmitter circuits. You conduct many interesting experiments.



1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

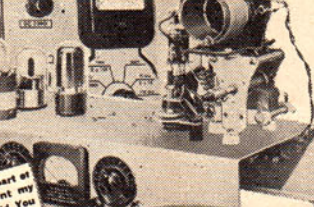
2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

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And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

I Will Train You at Home Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications with Many Kits of Parts You Get!



**Now! Advanced
Television Practice**
New, special TV kits furnished to build high-definition SCOPE... RF OSCILLATOR with flyback power supply... complete TV SET... many other units. You see pulse, trapezoidal, saw-tooth wave forms. Get valuable PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE locating and correcting TV troubles. Mail coupon for facts and pictures.

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable Electronic Multimeter for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating Transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. At left is just part of the equipment my students build with many kits of parts I furnish. All equipment is yours to keep. Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

Mail Coupon For 2 Books FREE

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson on Servicing; shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 1E, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. ... Our 38th year.

Good for Both—FREE

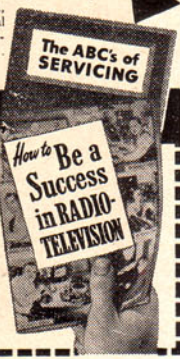
Mr. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 1E
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television. Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Check if Veteran ☐ Approved Under G. I. Bill



EXCITING NEWS!



**NOW AIR RIFLE OWNERS CAN
BECOME JUNIOR MEMBERS OF
NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION
AND GET ALL THIS**

PLUS THE OPPORTUNITY TO EARN OFFICIAL NRA MEDALS

NOW you can learn to shoot safely, expertly with your Daisy at official NRA targets under adult supervision—as an Active Junior NRA Member! **AND** you can proudly wear the prized NRA embroidered brassard on coat, shirt or sweater—carry the impressive NRA Membership Card—own and enjoy the famous NRA Junior Rifle Handbook—earn a string of NRA marksmanship medals reaching clear across your chest! **ALSO** you can qualify for Lapel Button Awards and receive a Free Diploma for completing each of the six main Qualification Courses. Learn how you can be a Junior NRA Member—get into "The Big Leagues" of shooting—with your Daisy! Mail coupon, 10¢, unused 3¢ stamp for new Daisy **AIR RIFLEMAN** Book.

New!



READY FOR YOU!

If you own a Daisy or expect to, you and your parents need this exciting new book! **AIR RIFLEMAN** explains how you can join NRA as a Junior Member—diagrams new air rifle backstop—shows new "Short Range" Target Card—tells how Daisy "shooting action" works—Special Messages to parents—many other features.

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DEPT. 2851, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.**

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ORGANIZATION'S NAME (if any) _____

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☐ **MEN and WOMEN!** If you hunt or shoot, you belong in the **SENIOR NRA**. Check here for facts.



1
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"SEW ON" BRASSARD
(EMBROIDERED EMBLEM)



2
OFFICIAL NRA
JUNIOR RIFLE
HANDBOOK



National Rifle Association of America

This is to certify that the person whose signature appears on the other side is an
ACTIVE JUNIOR MEMBER
in good standing of this Association
for the term indicated

C. B. Spahr Secretary

**SEND NOW for
EXCITING NEW DAISY
AIR RIFLEMAN
... It Tells How
You Can Join!**

3
OFFICIAL NRA
MEMBERSHIP
WALLET CARD

PARENTS! Your children want to shoot. Give them a chance to shoot and learn safety through skill. Be a **SUPERVISOR** of a junior patrol of 3 or more youngsters. You'll enjoy it! You need not be a crack shot. Write!

ORGANIZATIONS! Sponsor a junior air rifle club of 10 or more. Service clubs, fraternal organizations, churches, conservation and rod and gun clubs, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised juvenile clubs, veterans, others—write!

The National Rifle Association of America is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization of over half a million shooters. It is the oldest national sportsmen's association in the United States. For 80 years NRA has conducted America's civilian program of instruction in the safe and proper handling of firearms. It has trained 2 1/2 million boys and girls in marksmanship. Now, since its Junior Program has been extended, air rifle owners can participate in this time-tested training program.



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